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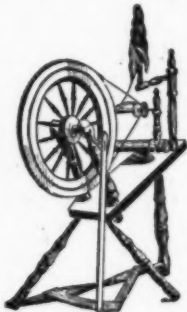
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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVIII.

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VOL. CCLVI

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WINCHELSEA.

She dreams amid her idle towers
An Ariadne, worn and gray,
Whose changeful lover was the sea,
That glitters o'er a mile away.

Her age-long sleep is filled with dreams
Of ancient captains, vanished fleets,
That cast their anchors 'neath her cliffs
And laughed and clamored in her streets.

Still in her slumberous ear there rings,
Above the droning of the surge,
The clash of arms, the wild affray,
The triumph song, the funeral dirge.

The life and color of a day,
When she, the proud Queen of the south,
Sat throned beside her lord the sea,
And felt his kisses smite her mouth.

The rolling years her glory dimmed,
Fickle, her lover stole away,
Nor could one wife of hers avail
To turn his course or bid him stay.

And now where once the sea bird
poised,
Wide-winged above the salty blue,
The eager skylark springs aloft
From grassy levels pearly with dew.

And Time and Sleep, with gentle hands,
Have healed the wounds of grief and scorn,
And lapped her storm-tossed heart in peace,
Too deep to break, too sweet to mourn.

E. D. Farrar.

The Academy.

TÉMÉRAIRE.

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sailed the *Téméraire*—
Stately, fair,
Rode she with the sunrise crowning
Every sail and spar of her,
And her decks were thronged and ringing
With the shouting and the singing
Of her men—
Stout young hearts their first-fruits
bringing
To their England, land most dear;

All their flower and fragrance flinging
At her scarred feet, queenly, fair.
Far and wide around her spread
Fleets whose number none might reckon:

Many a craft of Van der Decken,
Manned by England's mighty dead,
Drake and Blake and Nelson there;
And they seemed to guard and guide her,

As half-seen they sailed beside her
On to victory, *Téméraire*!

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sails the *Téméraire*,
Lurid glare

Of the blood-red sunset crowning
Every sail and spar of her.
But no sound of shout or singing
Sets thine echoing decks a-ringing,

Téméraire, Téméraire!

Here a curse and there a prayer,
All that mans thee, *Téméraire*;
And no ghost-fleet sails beside thee
Nor may guide thee, *Téméraire*;
Only voiceless ghosts flit round thee,
Ghosts whose last sad shriek disowned thee—

Hark! it lingers on the air—

"*Téméraire, Téméraire!*"

And thou glidest into distance, dimly
into distance, where
Sit Defeat and Death, gigantic,
On the night of the Atlantic,
Waiting for thee—*Téméraire*.

T. H. T. Case.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

Pilot, how far from home?—
Not far, not far to-night:
A flight of spray, a sea-bird's flight,
A flight of tossing foam,
And then, the lights of home.—

And yet again how far?
Seems you the way so brief?
Those lights beyond the roaring reef
Were lights of moon and star,
Far, far, none knows how far!

Pilot, how far from home?—
The great stars pass away
Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam!
I see the lights of home.

Alfred Noyes.

The Cornhill Magazine.

ASIA CONTRA MUNDUM.

Half a generation has passed since the thought of the world was startled by the late Charles Pearson's theories upon the inevitable decay and fall of white civilization. That volume was not only a treatise, but an act. It shook the self-confidence of the white races and deprived them of the absolute sense of assured superiority which had hitherto helped them to dominate. To Asiatic students, the mental pioneers of the Eastern renaissance, it revealed what some of them had suspected—that the impassive forehead of the white man was part of a brazen mask, the mind within being full of doubt and trouble, prone to self-dissolving reflection. The effect was like the first moment when the trainer's glance flinches before the eye of the tiger.

As white self-confidence was shaken, Asiatic self-consciousness was quickened by *National Life and Character*. To revive the great controversy upon that work is no part of our present purpose. But events in the last few months reopening the color conflict along the whole line of European and Asiatic relations must have recalled to many of us the strange predictions of that disquieting thinker. Men nurtured in the convictions of the middle Victorian period—probably the most complacent of all epochs—rebelled against the sombre march of his dispassionate pages. But the horizon of political thought has doubled on man's view in the interval. A great deal in Mr. Pearson's speculations that was condemned as mere pessimism has turned out to be pure prophecy. A nation of yellow race has overthrown white armies, driven back the limits of white conquest, and joined the ranks of the Greater Powers as one of

the four or five most formidable factors in the affairs of the world. To-day *National Life and Character* unquestionably appears as a more extraordinary book than when it was written. We must admit that there was more truth in it than the great majority believed. We must admit that there was more truth in it than almost any one believed. But this said, let us hasten to add that judgment now, as then, though with more qualifications, is against its main conclusion.

Mr. Pearson, like Taine in an equally great way or Mr. Bernard Shaw in a lesser, was an example in spite of himself of the danger of thinking in antitheses. From the clash of opposites it is nearly always the importance of some third term that emerges. The meaning of history will be scrutinized in vain by those who do not search for the points of equipoise at which contending forces come to a balance and for the resultant and necessary inconsistencies of all constructive policy. Hence the practical absurdity of logic in face of fundamental antagonisms of purpose neither of which is strong enough to subdue the other. After two thousand years and more, Assyrian and Egyptian, Greek and Persian are of almost equally little account for the living world; the future belonged to none of them. The mind of all mankind is subject neither to Christ nor anti-Christ. Centuries after the Reformation the Western world as a whole is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but divided; nor is there the slightest sign that either of these religions is becoming more able to subdue the other. A hundred years after the great Revolution, Europe is neither Republican nor

Cossack. In domestic politics the working truth of things will enforce some system suited to all the altering conditions of our complex life, but not to be summarized by the shorter catechism, whether of the individualist or the Socialist. The free mind of man never will be imprisoned in the syllogisms of either pedantry. And in the same way in the sphere of foreign politics, we may reasonably conclude that the future will belong wholly neither to white nor yellow.

This conclusion is less important and more encouraging than another which we proceed to discuss. It is certain that the balance of forces in the color conflict is changing to the disadvantage and to the danger of the white societies. It is certain that the moral frontier of white influence is contracting. It is certain that the political boundaries indicating the present extent of white predominance are not permanent, and it is quite unlikely that they will be extended. For there seems some indication of this tremendous contingency—that the action of the Anglo-Saxon democracies throughout the world, whether expressed by yellow elections in this country, by race-riots upon the Pacific slope, or by restrictive Immigration Laws in the Commonwealth and the Transvaal, may create the political unity of India and the fighting unity of Asia. If this is ever brought about, the conditions of white predominance will disappear in two at least, and probably in three, of the continents, and the white nations, though revitalized by their ordeal, saved by it, perhaps, from self-destruction—though numbering hundreds of millions, forming an Atlantic federation among themselves, and constituting still the strongest racial factor in the world's affairs—may possibly be confined to Western Europe and North America. If Australia, South Africa, and British dominion in

the East are to be preserved as part of the white man's heritage, if even South America is to be held in certain security, there will be required a very different policy from that which is now being pursued by this Empire and the United States.

How all the other color-interests throughout the world might be made in the future to work together against the white we shall see. But keeping this point of view in mind, let us now examine what has recently occurred. Like the Germans, the Japanese control even now a small territory by comparison with their numbers. They are at least determined to expand. They aim at economic expansion in the first place as the necessary basis for an enlarged political power. They are imitating with characteristic energy the industrial and commercial example set by Germany after 1870. They organize, subsidize, and employ every potent device of tariffs, bounties, and rebates. All this is absolutely legitimate; and nothing could be more mistaken than the tone of complaint sometimes used in describing it. The Japanese have asserted their national equality with all white countries by contracting an alliance with ourselves. They stood up but yesterday as victors over one of the mightier white Powers in one of the greatest wars ever waged upon this earth. Their country has been saved and regenerated by the results of study and residence abroad. They wish that this experience should be enjoyed by the largest possible number of their people, since nothing—as we ourselves have known since the age of Elizabeth—is so well calculated to quicken the genius of a nation as observation and enterprise in travel. Then there is another and a serious consideration. Japan is very poor. Upon the basis of her present means she has worked miracles. But she

feels that she must acquire more wealth or perish in view of several contingencies, but especially of the American intention to dominate the Pacific. Long before Bismarck's triumphs, German emigration abroad had created many of the conditions of the subsequent success of the German Empire in foreign trade. Foreign methods had been learned, and sympathetic commercial connections had been established—of the kind as important to traders as are coaling stations to a fleet—between German producers at home and German agents abroad. The Japanese desire to follow this policy. They are told that the United States and Canada are to be practically closed to their immigrants; that in spite of their status in war as one of the Greater Powers, they can expect no better treatment in peace than is meted out to China; that they must submit to a veto imposed upon no white nation. At the same time, all the Anglo-Saxon democracies alike maintain that the open door in Asia itself is a sacred institution; Canada builds high hopes upon the future of her trade with the Far East; and the United States is asserting at this very moment by the most formidable of all recorded naval demonstrations her unabated claim to make the best of both worlds, and to enjoy monopoly on one side of the Pacific and equality on the other. This is obviously a situation which does not contain within itself the elements of permanency.

Next to this come the two great events which have happened in South Africa. No one desires to reopen the controversy upon the immigration of Chinese coolies as indentured laborers for the mines. Argument upon the merits of that measure is dead. But public opinion seems scarcely yet awake to the full meaning of the decision quashing the Transvaal experi-

ment. The conviction of many persons in this country that Lord Milner was a hard-mouthed reactionary was, of course, not merely mistaken, but grotesque. His recent speech on sweating only represented the unswerving bent of his mind. He always understands the democratic point of view at once, even when he does not agree with it; and it was a paradoxical fate that made him for a time the idol of the middle classes. Now Lord Milner, when he brought in the Chinese, had regard to two things. He wished to restore the well-being of a whole community by the quickest way, the fact being still what it was before, that yellow labor is more efficient and certain than black. But the then High Commissioner likewise desired to lay solidly the foundations of a new white nation. For this reason the Chinese were introduced under the best conditions the white democracy could desire short of an absolute boycott of the Mongolian race. The yellow coolies were introduced under indenture for a term of years in a specific industry, their competition with white labor was prohibited by elaborate precautions, the right of settlement in the South African sub-continent was withheld from them; they were to be reshipped to the Far East upon the expiration of a given period. Now if Chinese labor is not admissible to the Transvaal under these restrictions, then there is an absolute prohibition of yellow immigration into South Africa.

One continent is closed for purposes of settlement against another continent. Already excluded from Australia and North America (and thus indirectly from South America, unless the Monroe doctrine is to be abandoned), Asia is excluded from Africa also. It might have seemed that the Dark Continent at least might be left as a field of enterprise into which the surplus

population of the Oriental races might overflow; but Asia is flung back everywhere by white power and penned up within her own original limits. And this is the tremendous policy for which British democracy, without the slightest suspicion indeed of the full meaning of its act, declared at the last General Election. Follow out the logic of the matter. We cannot decide that the Chinese shall be expelled from South Africa, but that the Indian races shall be admitted. The economic objections are precisely the same in both cases. There were no political objections in either case. No doubt there were serious moral arguments against the compound system, but that was not the deciding influence among the working classes in this country. There was an immense and instinctive prejudice from the Trade Union point of view against the employment of the Chinese. The indentured coolies are steadily leaving the Transvaal. In due time they will be all repatriated. But China herself feels that she has been memorably instructed, and that the sort of sanitary cordon established against yellow emigrants is complete. This, let it be noted, is the one question upon which exists an identity of interests between China and Japan, and upon which a solidarity of policy might be created. But now it is the turn of our Indian fellow-subjects. Here again we are in presence of a supremely difficult and perilous problem where decision in any sense involves embarrassing consequences, and excited rhetoric does not help us in the least. To understand the situation with respect to Indian labor in the Transvaal we must follow out the course of events in Natal.

Between the yellow and the Dark Continents lies the open expanse of the Indian Ocean. Westward over these waters the course of emigration

and the expansion of enterprise from our Indian Empire tends to take its way. Mauritius as a half-way house across that ocean is a striking example upon a small scale of a development that will certainly be seen elsewhere on a larger. The old French Colony is rapidly losing its traditional character. The whole island is passing into the hands of Indians and Chinese. The greater part of Port Louis has been transferred. The sugar estates are changing ownership in the same manner, being broken up into small holdings, purchased for the most part by Indians. What does this mean? It means that under the British flag Mauritius has become an economic outpost of Asia, just as Hawaii is another such outpost under the Stars and Stripes. Indians and Chinese can thrive everywhere together, just as all the European races can mingle in colonization. But what occurs in the small island to which we have referred shows unmistakably what would happen in the adjacent continents upon the African or the American mainland if Asiatic settlement there were equally free. Take, as we have said, Natal. The prosperity of the Garden Colony has been built up by the employment of Indian coolie labor, first introduced rather more than forty years ago. But what have been the consequences? We have seen precisely one of those processes to which the late Charles Pearson referred in justification of his most pessimistic prophecies. The natives of our Asiatic empire are already more numerous in Natal than the whites (the black population being ten times larger still). Indians have increased out of all proportion more rapidly than our own race. The census for 1906, published a few weeks ago, showed that the total population of the Colony is made up as follows:— White, 94,000; Indians, 112,000; blacks, 945,000.

But the two former classes enter to a certain extent into direct rivalry. The Indian becomes a trader, and where the field is free and a large population of his own sort exists, he undersells and eliminates his white competitor. And this must be so, since he can support his own standard of life at a rate of profit which would mean the ruin of every white ideal. In the end the higher class of Indian immigrant would become owner, if his activities were unrestricted, of real estate; and we should see in the Colony what we have seen in Bombay. The British would be squeezed out under the conditions of the peace and security they themselves have created. They would have to defend the Colony, since otherwise the overwhelming black races would fall upon the Indian immigrants and either enslave them or sweep them away utterly. To think that the white population of Natal ought to allow itself to be swamped by the numbers or to be indiscriminately undersold by the competition of Indian immigrants, and that our kinsmen should at the same time protect brown competition against the black peril, is to expect too much. It is a pity that those who decry the selfish unreasonableness of British colonists in all parts of the world are not a little more thoughtful with respect to the fundamental facts. It is obvious that nothing but the refusal of the vote to Indian settlers keeps gallant little Natal a colony ruled by whites. Restriction even here may possibly prove useless in face of the black masses—as the author of *National Life and Character* would, of course, have predicted—but if any attempt were to be made to keep Natal a real white Colony, the restriction of Indian immigration had become indispensable.

We can now understand better what happened in the neighboring territory of the Transvaal. Even before an-

nexation Indian immigrants found their way over the frontier; and they acquired grievances which were part of our indictment against Mr. Kruger. If they were allowed to increase indefinitely they would, of course, not only get into their hands all the small trading business, but they would undermine white democracy's standard of life in the towns. General Botha's Government determined to deal with the problem in time and to keep it within manageable limits. Upon the one hand they were bound and willing to allow Indians to remain who were residents before the *post-bellum* settlement. Upon the other hand they were determined to prevent fresh immigration. Unless new arrivals were to stream in under false pretences, but in indefinite numbers, it was obviously necessary that the Indians entitled to dwell in the country should be identified and registered. We must severely distinguish here between two issues which have been inexcusably confused—the merits of the prohibition policy with regard to brown immigration, and the merits of the particular methods of registration adopted to secure due observance of the main proposition. The Indian settlers, even when they are of good caste and of irreproachable character, are all treated like pariahs. They are compelled to have their finger-prints taken, all the digits being shown together in a style used in India for the registration of criminals. With the protest against this degrading formality it is impossible not to sympathize. Securities for the legal enforcement of a severe but legitimate and necessary policy are one thing; but insult and humiliation are another. If General Botha's Government have any regard for Imperial interests they will modify the registration clauses, and permit identification by other methods, for it is scarcely conceivable that

some equally efficient and less degrading precaution cannot be devised. This rebellion against registration by finger-print is closely connected with caste-susceptibilities and religious sentiments, and shows how undesirable it is that white and Indian elements should be mingled in the same population. But there is also no doubt whatever that Mr. Gandhi and his friends, with a very expert sense of the value of the sentimental factor and of the dramatic accessories in agitation, have exploited their grievances under the registration law in order to discredit and paralyze the whole prohibition policy. We cannot doubt that this policy will be strictly enforced. Lord Elgin sanctioned it with reluctance. He was helpless to oppose it. British and Dutch are absolutely solid with regard to it.

A keen and persuasive statement at the Colonial Office, alive to the psychology of Indian problems, might have persuaded Mr. Botha and his colleagues to modify the finger-print method of registration. But in private and friendly representations in this sense lay the only possibility of improving the situation from Downing Street. Apart from what may have been specially offensive and inadvisable in connection with the registration procedure, there is nothing whatever unprecedented or even unusual in the action of the Transvaal Government. Asiatic labor generally, as Mr. Gladstone said of the Chinese, is penalized not for its vices, but for its virtues. Apart from toil it has very few interests. It is frugal and persistent and parsimonious. Where it lives in competition with white democracy, by necessity it cannot let live. Its virtues help it the more effectually to undermine the white standard of life; and it is idle and somewhat worse for those who live in affluence or in ease, or in both, above the heads of all toilers, whether white

or yellow or brown or black, to tell the working-classes in the Colonies that the laws of political economy ordain that existence shall be indefinitely debased rather than that cheaper production shall be prevented. If some capitalists and politicians had to live as white workmen under the conditions created by the unlimited influx of Asiatic labor into fields of settlement hitherto occupied by men of European race, they would change their views immediately. Where there is but a choice of evils, let us at least be careful to avoid the greater. Let us not force the white democracies to hate the Empire in the illusory hope of inducing our Indian fellow-subjects to love the Empire.

For it is almost certain that what we have lately seen will continue, and that the Indian people will more dislike our rule the more prosperous and educated they become. The ruin of the Empire through the utter alienation of all the races in our Eastern dependency may be a very real possibility. But the ruin of the Empire, if the white democracies oversea were once alienated, would be certain and irretrievable. Happily, whether in the opinion of some persons of the Anglo-Indian or of the Anglo-Egyptian school the white Colonies are wise, the white Colonies are free. In matters of domestic policy, in the questions most vitally concerning the condition of their daily lives, they are masters of their destiny. There will not be, and there ought not to be, any threat of interference from home. It would bind all colonists against us, from Vancouver to Melbourne, and from Kalgoorlie to Johannesburg. We could not enforce our threat. The Colonies would not brook it. Australia has excluded the yellow race, and though growing desperately conscious of her danger, she is prepared to face the consequences with a will that may make her a nation in the historic as well as in the nominal sense. If the

Ottawa Government endeavored to admit unrestricted Japanese immigration, the whole of the Pacific coast, and the rest of the Canadian Dominion after it, would pass under the Stars and Stripes. It is futile to urge in this connection that the peoples of India are at least our fellow-subjects. The effect of their competition upon the white standard of life is precisely similar. It matters nothing to the white person whether he is "ruined by Chinese cheap labor" or by the slightly cheaper labor of his Indian fellow-subject. The Transvaal, therefore, for all immediate purposes, will be as successful in its present policy as have been the other Anglo-Saxon democracies in other exclusion policies. Note, indeed, that the birth-rate among Indian immigrants into Mauritius is even higher than among the Chinese settlers in the same island; and that our South African kinsmen, if unrestricted Indian immigration were permitted, would be more speedily and completely swamped by the labor of "their fellow-subjects" than by any other class of Asiatic labor whatever.

But if the facts supporting exclusion from the self-governing Colonies are thus inexorable, the repercussion of that system will only be the more perilous in India and elsewhere. Asia is thrown back upon herself. We may force her to acquire a unified self-consciousness in politics and to combine her efforts. For let us remember how exceedingly new is the color-conflict as affecting emigration and how monstrous the whole situation must appear to the Asiatic mind. You cannot explain to the indentured coolie, for instance, that he is expelled from the Transvaal for his own good, upon general principles which do not allow his wishes to count. But consider above all how the situation has been transformed in half a century. Apart from our own Eastern dominions, Asia

was almost closed, and the rest of the world was open. China was little disturbed by the European traders and missionaries. These only touched the fringe. To the vast majority of that inconceivable population the existence of foreign devils was unknown or but vaguely suspected. Japan and Corea were sealed. The Russian advance in Asia, a distant rumor to the Asiatic peoples from whom emigration proceeds. In violation of Hindu principles and of their traditional terms of service, we had been forcing our Sepoys to cross "the black water." British power seemed rather bent on inducing its Indian subjects to cross the sea than upon confining them to their native limits. Our régime was but three generations old and had only recently revealed itself, not as a sort of local lodgment resting upon a commercial lease, but as a universal conquest. "Asia" was the largest of geographical expressions, but otherwise conveyed no general idea whatever. And we had been pacificators and benefactors. "For every war we had waged we had prevented twenty," as Pearson himself wrote in one of the finest phrases of his book. The old evils from which men had been delivered were fresher in their minds; and in view of the record of Mohammedan domination over a Hindu majority, it could not be said that our presence as rulers was an affront to the Asiatic idea even if such an idea could at that time have been conceived.

Upon the other hand, slavery still existed in the United States, and, although deplored and combated upon moral grounds, modern arguments bearing upon social policy were very little employed. Emancipate the negro, it was thought, and all shall be well. Man, he is, and brother. He has been artificially brutalized. His potentialities are the same as ours. We are all of one spiritual complexion within.

Who could say, before the spirit of freedom had awakened the soul of the black race, that their mental faculties were permanently inferior? The negro, it was frequently said, is but the child of the great human family. Patience, and we shall see him grow up. But the debasing effect of colored labor upon a white standard of life or upon the whole moral and political order of a white society was not dwelt upon. It was assumed that the black man ought to be freed, not that he ought to be expelled if there were any humane way of doing it. But mark the consequences. Color prejudice was thought to be dying. Deriving its evil nourishment from the aristocratic soil of the southern States, it would inevitably be extinguished by the advance of democracy. For if black men could be emancipated and allowed to remain and multiply in the United States, why should men of less extreme tint be excluded? It was assumed that the wide world of the undeveloped Continents was as open to Asiatics if they chose to wander as to whites. There was a swift dissipation of that dream. The Chinese attempted to settle in various Colonial fields under white domination. They were repulsed from California. They were excluded by Australia. They are being expelled from the Transvaal. This latter development is the more unexpected because towards South Africa was thought to be a particularly favorable direction. There has long been a Malay population at the Cape. Natal had been especially developed by Indian labor. Mauritius was passing rapidly into Chinese and Indian hands. Europe, of course, was impervious by yellow migration.

Thus all the other Continents were closed one by one against the Asiatic colonists, and this by the influence of the white peoples not content with their original habitat in Europe, but claiming dominion over the whole

earth. Simultaneously white conquest and white enterprise were absorbing and penetrating Asia itself in ways hitherto unknown. Our ascendancy in India became settled and absolute from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Indo-China fell under the government of the French. The Russians holding vast interior lines were steadily sliding forward from the north like a glacier with three fronts, threatening to cover a Continent. We had already commenced to seam the Indian sub-continent with railway lines. When Port Arthur and Kiaochow were seized by the European Powers, it seemed as if the white races were about to divide up among them the dominion of all Asia. Thinkers of Mr. Pearson's school, prone to study main forces rather than to be misled by all the apparent contradictions of temporary events, never shared that boundless vision of Aryan megalomania. And the dream has been shattered for ever by the arms of Japan. But now let us trace the sequel of the Manchurian war in its special bearing upon this question. The Japanese, for instance, had too much legitimate self-esteem, and too casual an acquaintance with the psychology and conditions of the West, to grasp readily the fact that they were to be subject as a nation to an immense permanent disability because of their complexion. They certainly imagined that they were solely and justly contemned because of their want of modern knowledge, and because of their even less excusable inferiority in the profession of arms as practised by enlightened peoples. The Japanese undoubtedly reproached themselves for this backwardness. They believed that when it was removed their equality with the white races in every possible respect would be admitted. Now they have done all of which the author of *National Life and Character*, in his most daring dreams, thought an Asiatic people ca-

pable. They have proved beyond all debate the immense potentialities of the Asiatic renaissance for war, industry, colonization, sea-power, and thought. Yet they are still excluded from the fields of settlement into which are freely admitted the Jews, who are helots in the Russia vanquished by Japan. And they are excluded by the races who claim most vigorously the open door in the Far East.

Now this new phase of the color conflict has wholly changed the aspect of the question, and has converted it into one of the greatest perils that has yet menaced the future of mankind. For Asiatics previously seemed to be excluded because of their temporary backwardness in civilization. But now they have proved, as the educated among them think, their potential equality. Still being refused the privilege of free settlement throughout the exploitable world that every white race enjoys, they realize at last that Asiatics are shut out of the other Continents because they are Asiatics; and that nothing but force seems likely to reverse that state of things. We explain, and it is true, that white statesmanship does not mean to be, as it were, personally offensive; that there is a fundamental incompatibility of conditions which it is useless not to recognize; that yellow labor means white ruin where the two colors compete; that exclusion laws and restriction laws and registration laws are not meant to declare that Asiatics are inferior, but are simply intended to recognize that they are different. That is true. Apart from local ruffianism on the Pacific slope, and ill-advised methods in the Transvaal, the point of honor is not involved. No insult is intended. But as a matter of fact the substantial grievance remains. The whites are a minority by comparison with the more Eastern races. Yet they claim to reserve for settlement, development, or political

control three of the other Continents in addition to Europe. The whites claim to dominate wherever they please in North and South America, in Australia, and now in Africa. And at the same time they claim every form of equality in Asia which they think worth demanding. But they affect to pen up within the limits of Asia something like half the whole number of mankind, and that by far the most prolific half. For the Mother of Continents is supposed to contain something like 800,000,000 of people, who breed as fast as Russians and far faster than any other European race. Europe usually justifies her achievements in colonization, not on the theory of instinct or will asserted by force, but upon the plea that the white races produce a surplus of men and women. Asia produces a far vaster surplus, and a large part of it is inconceivably poor according to Western ideas. Is Asia, then, driven by natural forces of twice the urgency towards colonization, to be debarred from expansion? If we say No to the colonizing instinct of the Asiatic surplus—an instinct which will become infinitely stronger than it is now—then let us recognize that our negative is worth the force behind it, and no more; and that all Asia is incited to the development of a counter force.

Take first the case as it touches India. The increase of that population is prodigious. We have abolished many influences that kept it down. We have suppressed internal war. In spite of the plague we have much diminished pestilence. We are slowly mastering the peril of famine. But the people only increase the more certainly up to the margin of subsistence. In face of this tremendous problem, which the very efficiency and beneficence of our rule in other respects is creating, we are almost helpless. If the rapid repetition of the industrial revolution in

India were desirable—which upon many moral and statesmanlike grounds, apart from British interests, may be doubted—a great increase of urban employment could doubtless be created in India. But this, of course, only upon the usual conditions. We impose upon India a particular fiscal system which is obnoxious to the vast majority of its inhabitants. They look upon it as unquestionably unjust and injurious. The merits of the controversy need not be discussed here. But if the Indian National Congress could frame a commercial policy, its members would proceed to set up a protective system more or less on the German or Japanese model, with a view to bringing about a great increase of industrial employment, and thus providing—as they perhaps fallaciously hope, since the instinct towards breeding up to the margin of subsistence might continue—for a rise in the material welfare of the whole people.

But the problem of the surplus population is there. If we decline to allow the internal absorption of that surplus through the development of manufacture, then it would seem that we are the more rigorously bound in elementary justice towards the peoples of India to provide them with an outlet. From the broad Darwinian standpoint of a detached philosopher comparing the intensity of the struggle for life in various nations, the sub-continent we call India might seem to need colonies more than England does. At all events, India needs them. We are as directly responsible for the welfare of our Asiatic fellow-subjects as for the progress of the people of these islands. We are bound not merely to discharge the passive or preventive functions of good government, but actively to promote, by every means in our power, the positive increase of Indian prosperity. Great outlets might, of course, be created in Asia itself. It is generally

agreed that if the Bagdad Railway is constructed, its final sections at least must be built by Indian labor. Nay, more. If the achievement of our water-wizards in Egypt is ever imitated upon a far vaster scale by restoring and improving the ancient system of irrigation-canal in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, Mesopotamia ought to become one of the chief fields of settlement for Indian immigrants. This would doubtless involve some injurious consequences from the point of view of the British Raj. The possibility is in any case very remote. And we cannot afford to wait upon the initiative of others. We cannot afford to wait until the Indian peoples have seen an outlet opened for their surplus labor and trading aptitude by the enterprise of another European Power. A suggestion recently made in some quarters seems worthy of more serious consideration than it has yet received. The British Empire alone seems in a position to solve the problem of Asiatic immigration, so far as it is a question of internal politics for our dominions regarded as a whole. We have a series of self-governing colonies which must be white men's countries to the utmost possible extent, unless our race is ultimately to be engulfed and to disappear. We cannot quarrel with the white democracies or insist that they shall commit social suicide in the name of justice to Asia.

But, upon the other hand, India contains four-fifths of the whole number of the King's subjects, and we directly rule immense territories which never will be white men's countries, but which might be and ought to be made brown men's and yellow men's countries. Among these territories over which we possess absolute control, those obviously marked out in connection with the present question are British East Africa and perhaps the Sudan. Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston

Churchill have been appealed to in this connection. Mr. John Morley ought rather to be urged to make his administration memorable by creating an Indian Colonial Empire. There would be no initial reason why any Asiatic race should be excluded. Indians and Chinese have occupied Mauritius together; and they have shown some tendency during the past few weeks to make common cause in the Transvaal. It is, of course, not enough to say that British East Africa is already open to Indian settlers. They would have to feel that it was their special ground, and their migration would have to be supervised and, to a certain extent, organized by the Government of India. This would be a partial solution. It would not be a complete solution, and would doubtless represent a very remarkable departure in Imperial policy. But it is the only possible approach to a remedy that has yet been suggested. Our alternative to this is to do nothing—than which we could do nothing more dangerous.

No attempt will be made here to put a gloss upon the facts with respect to Indian discontent. The present unrest is more nearly universal, more profound, far more serious than at any time since our *régime* began. It is not necessary to believe that there will be another and a greater revolt within the next ten years, though this conviction is earnestly held by some whose knowledge of India is exceptional and whose judgment is not lightly to be put aside. But it is certain that Indian loyalty is not and cannot be a positive asset of British force. If we were ever hard-pressed in a world-conflict and attempted to withdraw any considerable number of white troops from India, our dominion would disappear. Nor can we ever expect that under any conceivable conditions our rule among the Indian peoples can be positively popular. But it is a matter of life and

death for our *régime* in the East, that no artificial unity of the Indian peoples—Bengalis with Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, Mahrattas and the rest—should be created by spreading the burning sense of a common injustice, such as registration of Indian immigrants in the Transvaal by the system of fingerprints only used for criminals elsewhere. In many ways the creation of a brown man's country in British East Africa would strengthen our moral and strategical hold upon India itself.

Otherwise let us remember the penetrating observation of Mountstuart Elphinstone, made long ago, that, however profoundly the Indian races might be divided among each other, they might one day be united by the sense of a common separation from ourselves. But this remark is of far wider application. Is not the color conflict tending to create an even more tremendous unity than that of the Indian peoples? Does not the prevention of Asiatic settlement in the other continents tend to bring about what no other factor now conceivable could compass—the solidarity of Asia as a whole? Hitherto there has been one immense objection to the late Charles Pearson's pessimistic speculations: that the colored races were incapable of combining. The author of *National Life and Character* dwelt chiefly upon the chances of China becoming a great military State. To discuss that question here is not possible. But several marginal notes may be made. Nations do not seem to change their temperament. Japan is now exactly what she has been in nature for two thousand years, only differently equipped. The Chinese have given no indication of possessing a great warlike instinct, which is, of course, not to say that they might not organize invincible resources for defence. But for the purposes of military aggression there is a strict limit

happily to the masses of men that can be mobilized; and it is sheer absurdity to suppose that a reawakened China could put indefinite millions simultaneously in the field, or could transport them and equip them and manipulate them strategically. The question of financial resources might be more serious in its bearing upon the question whether the yellow races are likely to launch overwhelming navies. Were China under an efficient despotism, and were its resources developed even to a small part of their possibilities, its taxable capacity would no doubt be stupendous. But it is enough to say that if such a danger materialized, a universal white coalition would command larger numbers, greater ability of every kind, more sustained intellectual energy, more financial resources, and vaster armaments.

Look at it as we will, we shall be forced to decide that unless the white democracies cease to breed, and forget that the efficiency of the armed State is still the fundamental condition of all political security and progress, white civilization cannot be destroyed in the countries where its greatest societies have been created. In Western Europe and North America, at the very least affording permanent room for a thousand millions of men, white civilization will survive and triumph as long as the moral fibre of men of European race remains unrelaxed. Nothing, of course, can save any society from the consequences of self-decay. But if Europe and North America were ever conquered by the flat-footed Mongolian, as nightmare visions have suggested, that could be only a result of white suicide. It never could be the independent result of the Asiatic awakening. Nay, more. For generations yet the white race, by combining in emergency, can hold the sea and can hold, if all Aryan civilization should ever appear to be in peril, all the continents in which

they now claim to monopolize dominion.

But this question will not rest. The millions of Asia, already forming half the population of the earth, and growing much more rapidly than the whites, will continue to claim, and will in the end secure, as has justly been said, either equality in the white sphere or monopoly in their own. If brown and yellow men are to be excluded from the four continents either occupied or controlled by the white peoples, then white enterprise and rule will be driven in the long run from the yellow continent. There would be inevitable justice in that consummation. First of all, an economic grievance would provoke economic retaliation of a more and more systematic kind. The sentiment of *swadeshi* would spread to China with the fixed purpose of punishing the white races by excluding their goods from all Asiatic markets. Whether high tariffs were thrown round those markets or not, their industrial development might lead to an increase of population, of financial power, and of offensive strength at sea far greater than the utmost possibilities hitherto considered in these speculations. Consider the astonishing growth of the population of Great Britain or Germany since these countries came to rest largely upon an industrial basis. Then remember that nearly all Asia is still upon a purely agricultural basis, yet even now contains eight hundred millions of people. Let the sense of the common grievance rise steadily and dominate; let it be asserted that there shall be white men's countries in every other Continent, but that brown men and yellow men, no matter how much they increase or how far they progress, shall never have any countries but their own; let the conception of *Asia contra mundum* gradually arouse all its races for a colossal crusade; let Japan be invoked by China as a leader and by India as a

liberator; and let the black races feel that the white man is like to be swept back at last; and then indeed the

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strangest dreams of the eclipse and extinction of Western civilization might come true.

Viator.

THE TRIALS OF A KING.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH MISSION TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AT THE SACRED CITY OF RABAT; TOGETHER WITH AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS MAJESTY.

"Think, in this batter'd Caravanseral
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way."

On the afternoon of October 6 a great warship steamed slowly down the coast of Morocco, and near sunset cast her anchor off the sacred city of Rabat. Hardly had the chain ceased to rattle ere a little twelve-pounder roared forth a salute from the upper deck; a companion on the port side followed suit, and twenty-one times they spoke to the sacred city. Then the warship waited for the town's welcome, which was so delayed that it was thought she was forgotten.

"Where are your international manners?" the sailors asked. Then from the old fort, perched high on a rocky point overlooking the sea, at the mouth of the river Bouregreg, a great cloud of pure white smoke arose, and half a minute later the roar of the old smooth-bore, doubly charged with black powder, was borne to the warship. At irregular intervals the cannon of Rabat replied eleven times to the greeting of the French admiral; then there was a brief pause before the cannon of Sali, which stands as sentinel to the other side of the river, took up the toll of greeting the stranger. Compared to the crisp half-charge bark of the twelve-pounders there was something unnatural, a little mystic and sad, in the tremendous roar from those old-fashioned guns so potent a century ago. The sailors counted the shots until twenty-one had been fired, the number

prescribed in the code of international etiquette, and they thought the farce was at an end, when from Sali there came a final report—a giant among pigmies in intensity of sound and in volume of smoke. It startled the warship,—departures from prescribed etiquette always do startle the agents of civilization, and a laugh ran round the crowded decks.

"They've fired one too many—they can't count," said a junior officer in a tone of slight contempt.

But to mere onlookers at this display of international manners, that twenty-second shot possessed a significance of its own, for the report seemed like the last remonstrance of barbarism against the coming of an unwelcome civilization. What were the thoughts of the Arab gunner as he rammed that final charge home? Did a voice whisper to him that he was about to sound the death-knell of Moroccan independence? The faithful gunner of Sali knew well—for does not his pay only reach him at irregular intervals in a debased coinage?—that his master was in need of money, and for that reason he had invited the warship to Rabat. He needed gold, coined by the infidel, to support his tottering throne threatened by his own subjects. This is always a last resource of a doomed minor monarchy—the last artifice of a feeble king supported by feebler minis-

ters; for, like strychnine which keeps the heart of the sufferer beating long enough for him to settle his earthly affairs, the borrowed gold of civilization supports the decaying dynasties of semi-barbarism until the time arrives for seizure and control.

The roar of the guns brought the people from their homes and the warriors from their camp to foregather on the hills, which, rising straight up from the water, oppose a rocky rampart to the intruder, and from there to gaze in wonder and admiration on the warship. Her crew leaning over the rails in idle curiosity saw before them a scene of surpassing barbaric splendor. They gazed on Sali, its thick wall dotted with cannon, which glowered from embrasures centuries old, on its white flat-topped houses and tall minarets, the whole sullen and aloof, separated from more tolerant Rabat by the angry bar at the river's mouth. For centuries Sali has remained the same, an enemy of Christianity and civilization, and still the most fanatical town in Morocco, just as Robinson Crusoe found it when held there a prisoner for two years by the two Barbary pirates, before setting out on his historic voyage. The Atlantic rollers breaking in cascades of spray at the mouth of the river mark the bar; then comes Rabat standing as its sentinel, a jumble of rock forts and houses, nature and man's work difficult to distinguish. The hills which front the ocean are thickly dotted with the tombs of former generations of the faithful. Beneath the soil lie those who laughed at the infidel and bade him defiance from the walls of the sacred city; men who were accustomed to charge their cannon with shot, not to salute strangers as welcome guests. The tombs remain, but the spirit of the heroic age has fled, the Bow of Allah is unstrung, and the faithful wander unashamed amidst the scenes of their former glory. The hills beyond

are spread with white tents clustering round a great striped one, the home of the Sultan when on the march. Beyond, and towering over all, stands the Hassan tower, emblem of a great Sultan who did rule, crumbling with neglect but still upright amidst the general decay of mind and matter. Among the tents, houses, and tombs the Sultan's warriors wandered and wondered what the presence of the great warship could mean.

But after a cursory glance at objects of interest, the eyes of all involuntarily turned towards the line of white foam which divides Sali from Rabat. The bar is symbolical of Morocco's rocky coast. The only question ever asked by the traveller about the sacred city is, "Will it be possible to land? Can the bar be crossed?" When the autumn gales set in, the Atlantic rollers breaking over the silt at the river's mouth render it impossible to land, and the bar has been closed for three months at a stretch. This is why Morocco, within three hours' easy steaming from Europe, has remained in a state of medieval barbarism; there are no harbors, and consequently little commerce. From Tangier to Mogador there is no sheltered anchorage,—nothing for the merchant-vessel save the open roadstead and the threatening lee shore; there are no quays—all merchandise must be landed in barges, and during the winter even this slow and precarious process has to be abandoned. Now, as civilization only follows the merchant, who so far has found little to tempt him, Morocco has been sadly neglected, for no country ever undertakes the moral and material salvation of another purely for the love of doing a good action. Thus the Moors have been able to lead the life for which they are best suited by their temperament and surroundings. Dynasty has succeeded dynasty; there have always been pretenders, rivals,

rebels, internecine warfare, oppression, brutality, slavery, and the thousand other tyrannies which the Oriental, in the eyes of the European philanthropist (after the merchant has installed himself), is suffered to groan under.

Yet this strange medley of tribes, constantly fighting amongst themselves, setting up rival chiefs, refusing to pay taxes, and acknowledging no master, is held together by the most durable of all bonds—a common faith. Hatred of the infidel is still paramount in the breasts of the faithful, and it is the only national cry left to the Mahometan. The failure to realize this, and to utilize the immense power which lies behind such vehement fanaticism, has cost Abdul Aziz the respect of his people,—it may cost him his throne, and eventually Morocco her independence. The occupation of Casa Blanca by the French was the last opportunity to bring all the discordant elements into line. The great man would have placed himself at the head of the nation and declared a Holy War on the infidel. All the petty bickerings, jealousies, and internecine strife would have vanished before the Prophet's own call to arms.

But Abdul Aziz has missed his flood-tide, if indeed Nature has endowed him with the qualities necessary to steer the barque of State through the troubled waters of an international struggle, with a crew mutinous and discontented. His eyes have been fixed on his present necessities, not on the future: he required gold for himself, his harem, and to satisfy the greed of his viziers; gold to buy motor-cars, photographs, phonographs, sewing-machines, dolls, toys, and other trumperies of civilization, which seduce the degenerate Oriental. The state of his country mattered not, as long as the infidel could provide the gold.

On the day of her arrival the warship could not land her envoys, as the

sea was rough, and the line of foam across the bar laughed back defiance. It was Nature's last warning to barbarism: the waves breaking over the bar seemed to whisper of the evils to come, once the infidel was allowed to land. But the faithful looked on in apathy, thinking the day to be written in the unchangeable Book of Fate. The breakers having done their duty, calmed down, and the Mission of civilization was able to land. A great surf barge, manned by twenty-four of the sturdiest children of the Prophet, put out from shore, eagerly watched by thousands on land and sea. After a prolonged struggle with the subsiding breakers—still muttering an angry disapproval—the barge passed the surf, and was towed to the warship by a steam-plunace. The chief of the Mission, arrayed in a dress-suit, embarked, attended by a brilliant crowd of naval and military officers. They descended into the barge with the dignity befitting their rank and their mission, but oh! in what a state of misery they landed. The Atlantic rollers are very democratic, and where they break over the bar at Rabat there is a strong suspicion of Socialism in their conduct. The proud and the humble, ministers and clerks, generals and privates, are alike tumbled into a discordant, unhappy sea-sick mass, all made equal for one short hour by a common misery, Nature's only Socialist. The Mahometan crew took their precious burden through the surf, singing loud praises to Allah, and calling upon him plaintively for protection whenever a great wave threatened to overwhelm them. Better, perhaps, for their monarch and for the independence of Morocco had the Prophet overturned the barge and buried all in the angry waters; but it was written in the Book of Fate that the Mission was to land, and that the independence of Morocco is to gradually pass away.

The true character of a monarch is never known until he finds himself face to face with difficulties. As a rule, the king is only seen on days of processions and great solemnities, in a fine uniform, attended by faithful guards, and cheered by his loyal subjects. The trials and misfortunes, like the power of a constitutional monarch, are strictly limited; his duties are carefully defined; over the finances of his State he has no control, and consequently no anxiety, while his own are carefully regulated and are generally sufficient for his needs. His sole power lies in his personal influence and in that mysterious pulling of the strings behind the scenes. But how different is the lot of the absolute monarch, for he bears on his shoulders not only his private troubles but also the cares of State. The responsibility for everything lies with him, and all the praise or all the blame is his. Surely no absolute monarch ever found himself in a more difficult or miserable position than Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, whose dominions stretch from the Atlas to Algeria, from the Sahara to the Atlantic, and who is supposed to hold the sceptre over eight millions of the faithful! In reality his authority extends in a very uncertain manner to about half a mile beyond the particular place in which he happens to be. On his journey from Fez his dominions stretched in a small circle round the great tent in which he slept; while the outskirts of his camp were nightly plundered by his loyal subjects who dwell beside the road. On arriving at Rabat he finds himself the nominal ruler over a small, white, flat-roofed palace, and half a mile of green turf, on which are pitched the tents of his few remaining soldiers. The tribesmen, who formed the irregular mounted escort which accompanied him from Fez, have long since departed to their homes, while many have sold their rifles to the discontented Chaouia tribes

in order to buy bread. The lonely monarch at Rabat surely presents a pathetic figure, which must command the sympathies, and deserves the serious study, of his fellow-kings in this democratic age. Born in the purple, but with a character totally unfitted to hold the sceptre of royalty in a country where intellect is ever secondary to brute force, Abdul Aziz finds himself at the age of twenty-eight in the following unfortunate position. Six thousand infidels are entrenched within forty miles of his sacred capital; their warships lie anchored with their guns trained on his sea-board towns; in the south, a rival monarch—his own half-brother—has set himself up, and threatens to march on Fez or to attack him at Rabat; in the north is a pretender, long quiet, but now seizing the moment of general unrest to assert his claims; his trusty adviser is held a prisoner by Raisull, who practises open brigandage and extortion; his exchequer is empty; his State jewels are on their way to Europe to be pawned; his few remaining warriors are ready to desert the moment they can find a master who will pay them more than two days out of seven; and at his side is an unwelcome Republican, his pockets bulging with the Act of Algeciras. Surely this tale of misfortune is sufficient to break the most indomitable spirit.

To the Occidental the reputed antidote to sorrow and misfortune is philosophy, but how often is the remedy capable of curing, and how often does it drive reflection away? There are few who can so elevate their minds above their material surroundings as to regard with perfect equanimity and indifference the changes of fortune and prosperity. Now, as philosophy is the Occidental panacea in misfortune, so also is an implicit belief in predestination the Oriental antidote. In the selection of predestination as his chief article of faith, what consummate wis-

dom and foresight the Prophet displayed, for who would change the comfort of that pernicious doctrine for all the solace of philosophy and the spiritual calm of the higher morality of Europe? But predestination contains the fatal germs of enervation and decay, for it is a doctrine of *laissez-faire*, indifference, and sloth. As the conception of Mahometanism, it was the most useful weapon in the Prophet's armory, for it could be used to explain his failures and to satisfy the incredulity of his followers when things went wrong. When all went well, but little was heard of it. Its baneful effects on later generations of the faithful were not apparent when the Arabs were struggling to establish their dominion over the decaying Roman Empire, and swept forward in an irresistible flood of fanaticism. While success hovered over the Crescent, there was little inducement to flaunt this limitation of human prowess before the world; and the successive Mahometan conquerors were quite content to take the credit of their unexampled victory and spoliation. But the doctrine became fatal after the early energy of Islam had spent itself, and the descendants of the conquerors began to enjoy the ordinary life of settled communities. The vitality of the Mahometan world is very low at the present day; and while Christian nations are progressing in all branches of human endeavor, Mahometan countries are standing still or relapsing into greater darkness. How can this decay be explained? It is not mental or physical, for the life of the Arab is far more conducive to health and vitality than that of the average Christian. Surely the real cause is the fatal lassitude engendered by an unchanging belief in an ordained future. The old age of nations is rarely dignified, but Mahomet found a certain method of making the declining years of Mahometan monarchies tolerable.

The evils predestination inflicts on communities, and the comfort it brings to the individual mind and conscience, are clearly visible in the present state of Morocco. What Occidental monarch could bear such a burden of calamity on his shoulders as is borne by Abdul Aziz? The unhappy state of his country, the miseries of his subjects, and the precarious condition of his own affairs, would surely overwhelm a Christian king. How his conscience would reproach him! If an absolute monarch, he would blame himself for the misfortunes he has brought on the State; if a limited monarch, he would deplore his inability to intervene. Richard II., when he found his throne gradually slipping from his feeble hands, derived a little ray of comfort by reflecting on the divine right of kings.

Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king!

he exclaims. Now the position of Abdul Aziz is every whit as bad as that of Richard II.; but whereas the latter's cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, the former is perfectly happy, and even regards the future with equanimity. He also says—

Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king!

But he adds the important proviso, "unless it is otherwise written in the Book of Fate—a matter in which I am in no wise concerned." This adds enormously to his comfort, for it soothes his conscience, and marks the essential difference between the agony of a Richard II. and the peace of mind of an Abdul Aziz.

But this fatal doctrine, although in the darkest hour it may drive away the pangs of reflection and bring comfort

and a spirit of resignation to the monarch's mind, is fatal to the interests of his subjects and to the independence of his country. For as it brings relief to a reflective mind, and silences the reproaches of conscience, so also does it banish thoughts of action,—for what matter can be altered by action unless, indeed, the effort itself is regarded as predestined in the Book of Fate?—an unlikely contingency when dealing with a man of weak physique and indolent habits, born, nourished, and trained in the softening atmosphere of the harem.

But what a beautiful serenity this doctrine of an ordained future casts over Eastern communities. The steady unchanging flow down the tide of time towards a settled end, which no human action can direct or alter, the apathy of the people to the gravest events and changes, the patience of the Oriental, the absence of hurry, and the feeling that all the present and all eternity is yours, spring from the same fatal source, beautiful to look upon and to be near, but poisonous to the vitality of the individual and to the progress of peoples. There are no nerves in the East,—none of the stress, the competition, and the restlessness of the great cities of Europe or of the New World, simply because nerves, rush, and restlessness are incompatible with predestination.

The actual participants in world events enjoy—except at rare intervals—little of the concentrated interest and excitement experienced by those who read about them from a distance. The crowded columns of a newspaper contain the essence of all that is not ordinary in the lives of individuals and in the progress of nations, served up in a form calculated to attract the eye of the sensation lover. But to those on the spot, departures from the normal are so intermingled with the normal that their relative importance in history, and their far-reaching effects, are

often lost. To the spectator there is little distinction between a royal procession and a revolution. Negotiations, secret intrigues, and ministerial conferences, which make or alter the destinies of nations, are carried on behind closed doors unnoticed by, and of small interest to, the majority of mankind. Thus, in spite of the unhappy state of Morocco, there was little which caught the eye at Rabat to bring home the full gravity of the crisis through which the country was passing. The life of the people flowed on just as it had done for centuries; and being an Oriental crowd, there were not even those evidences of unrest which would be apparent under similar circumstances in a Western community. In reality, how little is the life of the masses affected by any of the changes which go to make history! It is only the small minority of the governing class, the party-man and the place-man, who experience to the full the trials, passions, and tricks of fortune which spring from changes in ministries or the substitution of one form of government for another. If their religion is not interfered with, and as long as their material condition remains the same, it matters but little to the majority who guides the helm of State. This is all the more true in a purely agricultural country like Morocco, where all are supported by the fertility of the soil, the fruitfulness of which is independent of the actions of ministries, the intrigues of the palace, the vicissitudes of viziers, and the relations between the head of the State and Foreign Powers.

Apathy reigned in Rabat after the first novelty of the French Mission had worn off. The ancient walled town, whose prosperity waned when science, in the guise of steam-boats, put an end to successful piracy, only wakes up from her lethargy when her monarch

pays one of his infrequent visits. On this occasion he was accompanied by a great Mehalla to guard his sacred person, and, what was of more importance to the citizens of Rabat, that Mehalla was being paid at the princely rate (for Morocco) of two days for seven. All this money found its way into the little booths which serve as shops, where the Jew, the effete town Moor, the broken-down European, and negroes of all shades, sit side by side. No article is too humble for the retailer, and the poorest can buy according to his means. Thus there are hawkers in the streets who sell you six matches at a time, in case you cannot afford an entire box. What a study in types and characters the streets of Rabat afford as the Sultan's warriors, some mounted, some on foot, but each man carrying his rifle—for no man dare leave this, the most cherished of all possessions in Morocco, for a moment, lest his neighbor steal it,—hurry from one little store to another, a prey to the avarice and cupidity of the Jew, the town Moor, the European, and the negro. Through the crowded streets sad-faced camels, looking as if they bore on their shoulders the accumulated sins of ages; mules laden with the produce of the country; water-carriers with their goat-skins thrown over their shoulders and tinkling their little bells,—force their way; while a babel of strange tongues, discordant shouts, and the unceasing prayers to Allah, add a fitting atmosphere to the scene. The houses of the many consuls, of the members of the Mission, and of the principal Caids are guarded by little groups of soldiers, each man carrying a rifle with the bayonet fixed. They cannot be trusted with cartridges, either selling them to the first bidder or using them against those with whom they have been unable to make a satisfactory bargain. A riot ensues, a precious European is hurt: then come more fleets, more sol-

diers, and more gentlemen in dress-suits, with presentation diamond rings in one hand and limitations of liberty in the other. The soldiers are typical of everything in Morocco,—chaotic, humorous, incondite; and they show the evils and the comic side of Europe's meddling. Formerly there were English, German, and French instructors at Fez, but each in turn realized the utter futility of attempting to create an army under the existing *régime*. The result has been a strange one: there are soldiers who march like English Guardsmen, and who wear a uniform not dissimilar; there are others trained to the stiff German goose-step, who sport a green uniform which resembles that of the Kaiser's troops; and yet others drilled by the French, also wearing a distinctive dress. The discipline and drill have long since been forgotten; only tattered uniforms, an upright carriage, a more regular step, and the slight swagger peculiar to all, whether Christians, Mahometans, or Heathens, who have once worn a uniform, remain as a memorial of the instructors' wasted efforts. The Moorish army resembles some stage troupe undergoing its first dress rehearsal, when the supers are neither accustomed to their kit nor at home with their surroundings.

Yet this strange medley of races and tribes remains true to the commands of the Prophet, and for a month each year every man, woman, and child, above the age of twelve, touches no food and drink between the hours of sunrise and sunset. What a trial of endurance this is for even the strongest constitution, accustomed to its three recognized and numerous supplementary meals a-day! The month of Ramadan runs the circle of the year, and the ordeal is therefore more exhausting in the summer than in the winter, for it means abstinence from water throughout the hottest hours of the day. What other prophet can

rely on the faithful observance of such an exacting faith? This prolonged fast is bad for the health and spirits, and towards the end of Ramadan the mass of the people are irritable to a degree; servants are so reduced that they can hardly struggle through their duties; and industry almost comes to a standstill, for the majority of the faithful are asleep when they should be up and doing, having passed the night in revels and excesses, natural offsprings of starved and miserable days. Yet down through twelve centuries no seer has arisen to question the wisdom of executing to the letter these stringent commands; no learned college has attempted to put other interpretation on the Prophet's words; and no great chief has taken the responsibility—naturally a popular one—of relieving his followers from this onerous article of their faith. This is neither the time nor the place to compare the advantages and practical morality of various creeds, but what other religion can compare with the Mahometan in the severity of the sacrifices it demands from its followers; what other doctrine has twelve hundred years of such unbroken observance behind it? The behavior of the people of Morocco during the cruel month of Ramadan is surely a great lesson in faith and self-sacrifice, and one is tempted to ask, Are they men and women like ourselves, or are they, through the long observance of strict formula throughout twelve centuries, devoid of all feelings and passions? But the human element of the Arabs was seen at sunset during Ramadan at Rabat. Near that hour the people gather in hundreds round the old fort overlooking the sea. Some carry basins of food, others pitchers of water. At sunset a gun, doubly charged with black powder so that it may be heard all over the town, is fired. The waiting multitude, uttering wild shouts of joy, either eat their food on the spot,

or disperse to their homes, like children released from school. Then it is you realize how much they have suffered during the long fast.

It would be natural to suppose that a people who are capable of forgoing for an entire month each year all corporeal comforts and luxuries, would be possessed of an individual and national character cast in such a heroic mould that any encroachment on, or interference with, their liberty would be an impossibility. What, then, has caused the Arabs of Morocco to decline from world conquerors to a feeble collection of predatory tribes, still strong in the observance of dogma, but weak in all else? Partly, no doubt, it is the natural decay which overwhelms all nations in turn; partly the decay which seems to dissolve all conquering hordes when the wave of conquest has spent its force, or breaks itself in vain upon impossible barriers, and the sounder qualities necessary for the establishment of permanent empires on the pathway of peaceful progression are wanting. But the Arabs were not merely vulgar hordes of savages, who carried all before them by brute force, and who planted none of the seeds of enlightenment and progress. At the darkest period of medieval history, when all learning and culture seemed dead in Europe, the spark of science and culture was kept burning at Fez, and it was the rays of Arab learning and philosophy which pierced the gloom of Europe's ignorance. But the awakening of Europe seems to have been fatal to Mahometan progression, and since that period Morocco has stood still, and even retrograded.

A spectator of all the events related, I sought an audience with the Sultan. I was interested to see how the harassed man bore himself in the midst of his misfortunes; and I thought his deportment and attitude towards life

might supply the secret of Morocco's decline and Mahometan decay. I asked for an audience with considerable misgiving, for I knew grave matters of state occupied his attention, and I expected either a refusal or to endure the typical Oriental delay before receiving a definite reply. But to my surprise, on the following morning, I was commanded to be at the Palace at 2 P.M. that same afternoon. The Sultan speaks no French or English, and it was necessary to have an interpreter who could speak Arabic, and I was happy in finding a friend to play this thankless rôle. At the appointed hour we were outside the palace gate: it is not etiquette to knock or to ring, and you must wait until some one who has been notified of your arrival passes you in. After a long delay we came to the conclusion that we had either been forgotten or that we were at the wrong gate. A short gallop took us to the other side of the palace, rather late for our appointment. This time we were successful. A dusky attendant motioned us to dismount, our horses were held by soldiers, and we were ushered into the Imperial garden through a small postern. We followed our guide to a small outbuilding, and here he held up his hand as a signal for us to halt, while he entered the house. A moment later he returned, his face wreathed in smiles, showing he had gazed on the well-beloved, his Imperial Master. He made me leave my camera on a flower-bed, and then bowed us into a little bare, white-washed room about ten feet by twelve, a kind of summer-house, where you expect to find a few stringless racquets, some chipped croquet balls, and a machine for marking tennis-courts. The sudden transition from bright sunlight to inner darkness somewhat confused me, and a few seconds elapsed before I realized we were not alone, and that a man was standing in the centre of the

room, close to three plain wooden chairs. Seeing my companion bow, I knew I must be in the Imperial presence, and did likewise three times, which I had been told was the correct number. His Majesty smiled in a most engaging manner, and shook hands with us both.

Abdul Aziz is not a pure Arab, for his mother was a Circassian, and he is much more swarthy than is usual with his countrymen. His face is covered with dark hair, and he wears a short beard which conceals his weak chin; his forehead is good; his eyes are very fine, and continually light up as he becomes interested; but unfortunately his face is much disfigured by small-pox. He wore the ordinary dress of the Moors, a long, white, outer robe with a hood, which he turned up over his red fez, which was very large, coming down to his eyes and covering half his ears. During the time I was with him he continually pushed back the fez and hood with his right hand, and scratched his forehead.

When I remembered the wretched state of his country, the discontent of his subjects, and the precarious condition of his own fortunes, I expected to find the troubles and despairing misery of a Richard II. stamped on his Imperial brow; but in this I was agreeably mistaken, for, instead, I found the life and hope and joy of an Alfonso. He beckoned us to be seated, saying, "You have just come from Casa Blanca; they tell me you have seen the fighting; have you any photographs? If so, I would like to see them."

I had a collection with me, for I had been warned he had a great fondness for photographs, and sometimes takes them himself. The Sultan examined them carefully, and marked what each represented on the back in Arabic. My friend leaned towards me and whispered, "He means to keep them." This came as rather a shock, for of many I

had no duplicates. I asked him to tell his Majesty I would send a collection from Tangier in an album. This satisfied the Sultan, and he handed them back. He then asked a series of questions.

Sultan. "Did the Chaoula tribes fight bravely?"

I replied "Yes," which made his eyes sparkle with pleasure.

Sultan. "Did the French fight bravely?"

"Yes—especially the officers, who always stand up in action and take no cover."

Sultan. "I cannot understand any one going to war who is not obliged to; I am sure I'd be very frightened. But tell me, if the Chaoula tribes had put more men in the field, would the French have sent reinforcements?"

"Yes; I feel sure they would."

Sultan. "I hear the Foreign Legion have French, German, English, and other nationalities serving in the ranks—so my people have been fighting all Europe."

I explained that the majority were French or Germans, and that there were but very few Englishmen—for they have plenty of opportunities for fighting in the Colonies.

Sultan. "Did the field-guns do much harm? Because they tell me the big shells from the warships did not."

I replied that the field-guns using shrapnel did more harm than the shells from the warships.

Sultan. "What is a shrapnel?"

He was astonished when I told him each shell contained three hundred bullets, and that the area of destruction was two hundred and fifty yards by twenty; and that the Arabs, discovering this fact, rode in small parties thirty or forty yards apart, so as to localize the effect of each shell. This interested him, and he repeatedly nodded his head in approval of their sagacity.

Sultan. "You have seen the Japan-

ese fight? Are my people as brave?"

This pertinent question placed me in an awkward dilemma, for I had either to suppress the truth or offend his Majesty. I decided to sacrifice the former, and replied, "Yes; but they have not the same training, skill, or tenacity of purpose."

His Majesty has a keen sense of humor, and laughed heartily when I told him the story of the Arab who found an unexploded six-inch shell. He took it home, summoned his family and relatives in great pride, and requisitioned the services of the blacksmith to open it in their presence. The latter proceeded to bang in the top with a huge hammer. At the third blow it exploded!

Up to this time the Sultan had asked me repeated questions, and I had no opportunity of putting any to him. But now there was a pause, and I ventured to ask him his views on the present state of Morocco. He hesitated a little, his face became serious, and when he spoke it was with great dignity.

"Naturally I am distressed by these troubles, but if God so wills it, I trust all will come right in the end. Then I will be able to proceed with reforms, which recent events have postponed. During the last two years a press has sprung up in this country, consequently a public opinion has arisen, and people are beginning to think for themselves. I have been greatly upset by all that has occurred at Casa Blanca, but I will not attempt to lay the responsibility."

The last part of the sentence was accompanied by an expressive shrug of the shoulders. Now I ventured on very dangerous ground, and asked what his Majesty thought of Mulai Hafid. For a few seconds he made no reply, and I began to think he was offended; then a faint smile crept over his face, and he looked up, speaking with great animation, almost with fierceness.

"We do not fear him; his cause is not making progress. Why, in order to obtain followers he was obliged to declare a Holy War, which I alone have the right to do; then he went about saying I was responsible for the occupation of Casa Blanca."

At this point the Sultan stopped short and laughed outright, for I think his own vehemence had astonished him.

"Will your Majesty shortly march against Mulai Hafid?" I asked.

Again he smiled. "No, certainly not: at present the affairs of Morocco are in the hands of diplomats; when diplomacy fails, it will be time enough to consider that question."

"Does your Majesty think the tribes round Casa Blanca will remain peaceful now they have given in their submission?"

Again he became serious, and answered very deliberately:

"If the French leave Casa Blanca, I will guarantee the Chaouia remain peaceful, but if they stay I fear there will be continual troubles during the winter."

He repeated the same words twice, with great emphasis.

"But," I asked, "will not the fast of Ramadan keep the tribes quiet during the next month?"

"I'm afraid there are many Arabs who don't keep the fast in times of trouble," he answered with a laugh.

He now became tired of politics, and turned the conversation on to a variety of lighter topics.

"I want," he said, "above all things to visit England, but at present there seems small chance of my doing so. However, we never know what destiny holds in store. I like Englishmen, and I can always recognize them immediately, for they are different to all other peoples. I have an English doctor; and in my palace at Fez I have nothing but English things."

"Is your Majesty fond of travelling?" I asked.

"No, it tires me, and it is very difficult, because I have to take so many tents and people with me. When your king travels he stays with his subjects, does he not? But I cannot do that, so I have either to stay in one of my palaces, or else in the big tent you have seen outside."

"Does your Majesty feel keeping the fast of Ramadan very much?"

"Yes, I only take food twice in the twenty-four hours—once just before and once just after sunset."

The Sultan's keen sense of humor is proverbial; he appreciates every point of a story, and laughs heartily. I told him how the Spanish cavalry were bathing on the beach at Casa Blanca, when the *Gloire* commenced to shell a party of Arabs, over their heads. One six-inch shell burst prematurely on leaving the muzzle of the gun, churning up the water with flying fragments of steel, some of which whizzed close by the Spaniards. The latter, thinking they were attacked, retired hastily into the town. I asked him if he had ever heard of Robinson Crusoe, and he replied, "Yes." Then I related how he had been imprisoned at Sall for two years, and that Mr. Harris, the special correspondent of "The Times," was going to collect a party and search for the house in which he was imprisoned. When it was found he was going to telegraph the news to England, and suggest it should be bought by the nation. This pleased the Sultan greatly. He said, "That is just like Harris." He then volunteered a story of his own. "Yesterday," he said, "all the French correspondents came to see me together, and they asked me many questions about Morocco, and what was going to happen in the future. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you ought to be able to tell me better than I can tell you.'"

"What do you think of the position of Caid Maclean?" The Sultan made a little gesture of despair, and spoke sadly:

"I approve of all measures which will secure his speedy release, for I only wish to see him again."

He rose as a signal the audience was at an end. I wanted to take his photograph, but my companion said he did not think he would allow me to do so during Ramadan, but he was good enough to ask. The Sultan immediately consented, and stepped out into the bright sunlight of the garden. I took one picture, then shut up the camera, not liking to trouble him further, but he stopped me and said:

"Take two or three; for the destinies of photographs, like that of empires, is uncertain."

He held out his hand, then vanished through a little door into his harem, and as I heard a woman's laugh a few moments later, I suppose he had already begun to entertain his ladies with an account of what had passed.

We made our way through the garden to the outer gate, amidst an avenue of bowing, obsequious officials, who taking their cue from the long period we had passed with their sovereign—over an hour and a half—treated us with the utmost respect.

I felt, after I had left the Palace, that I had learnt the secret which explains the decay of Morocco and the decline of the Mahometan vitality. All who come in contact with the Sultan are struck by the charm of his personality, his keen intelligence, his extensive knowledge of men and matters, and his delightful sense of humor,—qualities which go to make the great monarch. Why, then, is Abdul Aziz such a lamentable failure as a ruler; and why has Morocco sunk into chaos and decay? The answer is not far to seek. It is partly due to defects in his own character; partly to the evils of

the system under which he rules, which develop and accentuate those defects. The absolute monarch, even though possessing a great personality, surrounded by favorites, who are generally flatterers (for thus is weak human nature constituted), seldom hears the truth or finds himself in touch with his subjects. His gaze cannot pierce the mist of intrigue and self-interest which environs all his actions. When he thinks he is ordering affairs to please his subjects and to benefit his country, he is but playing into the hands of a small clique, who throw dust into his eyes. But the evils of the system are only seen at their worst in an Oriental country, where there is no press, and consequently no public opinion to equipoise the malign influence of the favorites who surround the throne; and the evils are exaggerated in an incredible degree when the character of the Oriental monarch is weak. In spite of his high intelligence, Abdul Aziz is but a feeble monarch; and he is entirely under the thumb of successive favorites, chosen, not for their ability to govern, but for their capacity to tickle with fresh allurements the capricious levity of their sovereign. Thus the Sultan is incapable of carrying out reforms, for he has neither the moral courage nor the physical energy: all his abilities are squandered on the small things of life that please; and his knowledge of men, affairs, and the necessities of his country, instead of being put to practical use, is dissipated in the lighter and more congenial atmosphere of the harem. But whether he rides the present storm and emerges more powerful and enlightened, or whether he shares the common fate of so many Oriental potentates, it is certain that, borne up by an implicit belief in an ordained future which no action of his can direct or modify, Abdul Aziz will meet either extreme of fortune in a spirit of kingly resignation.

Ellis Ashmead Bartlett.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXXI.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SNOW.

Colin recognized his fellow-traveller on the coach the moment he set eyes on him. Not so the Bard. He was muffled to the ears in a fur coat, and his soul being at the moment wrapt in dreams, he gave no particular heed to the young man who took the seat beside him. There would have been no room for another passenger, for the coach was really nothing but a big dog-cart, and the Bard sat between the driver and Colin in the front, while the back was piled high with luggage and the mails. There was but a thin sprinkling of snow on the low ground about Torron, but the driver shook his head over the prospects of the journey.

"I'm not very sure, sir, that we'll get through to-day," he said to Colin. "I came through yesterday, but indeed it took me all my time at some parts of the high ground. There's two feet of snow between Corriemore and Glenbane."

"I must get through," Colin said, with a little whistle of dismay. "You will do your best for me, James?"

"I will that, sir."

The driver was a nephew of the Sergeant, and a strong supporter of the new Member. The Bard awoke from his reverie with a start, and Colin saw that he was recognized. They drove for some time in silence over a waste of snow-sprinkled peat-land, bare and treeless.

"It is very like a big fall of snow, sir," said the driver to the Bard, looking at the sky. He was thinking it a fine joke to be driving the Bard and the Member on the same day.

Angus assented briefly. "You have no doubt we shall get through to-day?" he asked abruptly.

"Well, I couldn't altogether say, Mr. Grant," James answered him cautiously. "I came through yesterday," he added after a pause.

The air was clear and cold, but clouds hung low, and the high ground was blotted out in a mist that was probably snow.

"You will be having your meeting to-morrow night, Mr. Stewart?" he inquired agreeably.

"Yes," said Colin, — "to-morrow night."

"Will you not be speaking in Boronach at all, sir?"

"No, I shall not speak in Boronach."

The Bard's brow was dark. His feeling towards Colin was so strong, that had he recognized his fellow-passenger before starting, he would have hired a vehicle from the Torron hotel sooner than be a day in his company. Colin, on his part, was surprised at the strength of his own feeling against the man beside him. Not only had the Bard come between him and his constituents, not only had he dealt him a cruel blow that had taken all the joy and the zest from his success, but he stood, as it seemed he must always stand, living or dead, between him and the woman he loved. Not his love for her, nor the remembrance that the man was her father, could prevent the bitter feeling he had towards him. James was soon tired enough of the grim silence of his passengers.

At Corriemore, where the coach changed horses, snow was falling. The Bard complained of the cramped smallness of the mails, and inquired of the innkeeper whether he could give him a hire through to Boronach. The man was regretful. His horses were away up Corriemore to the Lodge, with a party who came the night before for the hind-shooting. The fiery, ex-

citable little Bard had to set out again with Colin and the driver.

The second stage of the journey was the most trying in bad weather, for the road from Corriemore to Glenbane, the next resting-place, crossed the watershed of the country, and rose to a great height. The distance between these two places was about twenty miles; but some six miles nearer Corriemore, and at the height of the watershed, was a small inn called the Braes. Till this inn was reached the road was almost continuously uphill. Snow fell, and the road became so heavy that the horse made but slow progress. "We will not pass the Braes to-night," said the driver after a time. On the high ground a gale of wind had made things worse. Every now and then the driver was obliged to get out, and, with Colin's assistance, to lead and pull the horse through wreaths of snow piled across the road. The short December day began to close in: the cold was intense, and notwithstanding his big fur coat, the Bard shivered. It was no journey for a delicate man. They had gone about seven miles of the way when the situation became more serious than any of them had anticipated. A wreath that might have been five feet in depth, and was certainly over three times that width, completely blocked the road. A high rock rose on the one side, and a steep hillside sloped down to a deep glen on the other. The coach stuck fast in the snow. The two able-bodied men made great effort to get the horse through with it, but were obliged after a time to relinquish the attempt.

"There is nothing for it but to take the mails on horseback," said James at last.

"What am I to do?" the Bard cried out testily. "I cannot stay here. What am I to do?"

"I don't know," said the driver, looking at him and shaking his head

thoughtfully. "I don't know indeed, Mr. Grant."

Colin spoke somewhat stiffly. "If Mr. Grant were to ride," said he, "we might get through walking, James."

The driver shook his head emphatically. A high wind was now blowing, and the snow was driven wildly into their faces as they consulted. They had to shout to be heard.

"It is a bad night," he called out, "and it will take me all my time to get to the Braes on horseback. There is only one thing we can do. I will go on with the mails, and you and Mr. Grant will shelter in the Roadman's Bothy till they can send horses for you."

Colin considered. The Roadman's Bothy was a small shanty used by road-makers, about half a mile back on the road along which they had come.

"If Mr. Grant will shelter there," he shouted, "I shall go on with you."

The Bard agreed unwillingly. For him the walk either back to Corriemore or to the Braes was out of the question on such a night.

"It is, I suppose, the only thing I can do," he said, and got out of the coach. "I did not notice the bothy," he called to James. "On which side of the road is it?"

James told him. "It is likely, sir, you will find peats in it for a fire," he said. "And there is a parcel of bread here going to Glenbane—you would be as well to take that with you, Mr. Grant." He fumbled for it in the mail-cart.

The Bard looked cold and ill, and the sight of his worn white face stirred compunction in Colin. He was Barabel's father; he had not seen the bothy, and in this snow might miss it altogether. Whatever his feeling towards him, he could not let him go back alone. He shouted his decision to the driver. "I shall go back with Mr. Grant," he said.

"That is better, then," James shouted

back to him. "They will send horses with the first of the daylight."

Colin took the rug that had been over their knees, and the parcel of bread, and started back with the Bard. The driver went on against the driving snow. Angus did not say a word. The two men stumbled together through the snow until they reached the bothy. It was a roughly-built wooden shanty, and so covered with snow that in the blinding drift they narrowly escaped missing it altogether. The door was locked. Colin set his shoulder to it and burst it in. A dreary enough little place it looked,—one room, one small window, a stove, a pile of peats in a corner, a couple of chairs, and a table. At one end was a rough wooden bed without mattress or bedding; at the other an upturned box doing duty as dresser, a pot and a kettle being set beneath and a few earthenware dishes above. Dreary as it looked, it was a shelter, and that was a great deal on such an evening.

Colin set to work at once to light a fire in the stove. Daylight was almost gone, and he was fortunate in discovering a tin lamp, half filled with paraffin oil, hanging against the wall. He was no novice in serving himself,—often, indeed, in old days, he had put his hand to queer tasks in odd company, yet never had he been set with a stranger companion than he had now. Angus Bard did not speak a word, but stood at the open door looking out at the storm, and Colin, despite his bitterness towards the man, began to feel that a night of such grim boorish silence would in this small shanty be somewhat intolerable. He acted on an impulse.

"Mr. Grant," said he, going to the door, "it is unfortunate that you and I should be forced to spend some time together, for I have as little liking for your company as you have for mine, and, I think, as little reason for liking

it. Yet seeing things are as they are, I hope we shall pass the time like gentlemen, and put away from us anything disagreeable for this one night."

He spoke frankly, and the Bard, looking him for the first time straight in the face, was conscious suddenly that here was a son of those old portraits in Boronach House, and that the son, like the forebears, possessed something he himself did not.

"Well!" he said, unwillingly yielding to something in the younger man's manner,—*"well, Mr. Stewart, let it be as you say—for—this one night."*

He came in and shut the door, and warmed himself at the fire, making remarks in a somewhat strained tone on the cold and the bothy and the situation. He was evidently chilled to the bone, and presently Colin set the kettle filled with snow on the fire. They must put up with prison fare for this night, it seemed. Opening the paper package he had carried from the coach, he found there was not even that. He had evidently taken the wrong parcel, for here was a collection of things quite inedible. The two men were desperately hungry after their day in the keen cold air. Colin laughed ruefully.

"I must go back and look for the bread," said he. He stepped to the door and looked out into the gathering darkness and the swirling snow. "Mr. Grant," he added, looking back and speaking formally, as he might to any stranger, "if I have any difficulty in finding the bothy again, I will call, and your answer will guide me."

"Very well," answered the Bard stiffly.

Colin plunged out into the snow, leaving the door open, so that he might see the light on his return, and the Bard sat still looking into the fire. An hour passed and Colin did not return. Angus got up and looked out. It was now quite dark, and although the wind had calmed down very considerably, the

snow still fell thickly as before, and there was no sound of any one calling.

The Bard went back to the fire. Some time afterwards he heard a faint shout. He started and rose up, but did not answer. There came another and another, growing louder, as Colin evidently came nearer, but still the Bard was silent, listening, the veins swelling a little on his temples. After that there was silence for a few moments, and when the call came next it sounded more distant. All at once the blood rushed to the Bard's face. He ran to the door and called with all his might, but his voice was not strong, and could not carry far. When the call came again, sounding fainter, Angus rushed out into the snow and shouted at the top of his voice, going in the direction from which the sound came. It was not along the road, but across a tract of peat-moor to the left. The snow was very deep and difficult to walk in, and he dared not go to any great distance, for once he lost sight of the glow from the door, everything was blotted out in an impenetrable wall of moving snow. He stood still, and continued shouting. "God be merciful!" he cried aloud. And now after a little Colin answered him, and his cry came nearer till the two men were together.

"I have had a narrow escape of losing my life," said Colin, when he reached Angus, and saw the light.

They went back into the bothy and shut the door. The younger man sat down on one of the chairs,—he was very much exhausted. "I went completely wrong on my way back," he said. "I lost the road, and if I had not heard your voice I should never have reached here at all."

He asked for some of the hot water. The Bard took a flask from his pocket, poured some whisky and hot water into a cup, his fingers trembling, and gave it to him.

Before long Colin was himself again. He had brought the parcel of bread.

The two men ate and drank together, and now some change seemed to have come over Angus. He spoke more freely, and by-and-by the two fell into a regular conversation, albeit somewhat stilted. They spoke of the possibility of getting through to Boronach next day; then Angus mentioned briefly an experience he had himself had in snow, in his boyhood, on the hills above Port Erran. Afterwards the talk drifted from one impersonal topic to another. Had there been no enmity between them, the two men would have been keenly sympathetic. Unlike as they were, they had much in common. As they spoke together, Barabel's first intuition proved itself correct. Unconsciously they were half-drawn to each other, and it was an odd thing how now and then they forgot everything but the talk.

When Colin rolled himself in the rug and went to sleep, the Bard did not follow his example, but sat by the fire thinking, his brow dark. After a time he got up, and, taking the oil-lamp from the wall, studied the face of the sleeper. Then he went back to his seat brooding and frowning. He was laboring under considerable excitement, and before morning the physical and mental strain of so many hours had brought on one of the heart attacks to which he was subject.

Colin was awakened by a cry of distress. The lamp had gone out, but in a flicker of light from the still burning peats he saw the Bard's face looking ghastly. He seemed to be unable to speak. The younger man had a strange half-hour. He could not light the lamp, for the oil was done, and it had burned itself out. He groped for the flask, and found it empty. What had been in it, Angus Grant had poured into the cup he had given to himself when he had come in out of the snow. Colin

stood by helpless, seeing the other suffer with a compassion that was natural to him. After a little he bethought himself of heating water again, and rinsing out the flask, he put the weak hot stuff to the Bard's lips. More than once Colin thought the man was dying, and when at last the attack passed off, Angus was utterly exhausted. Colin made him lie down on the rug which he spread before the fire, improvised a pillow for him, and covered him with the fur coat; then he too slept, sitting in the chair before the fire. The whole thing was a strange experience.

In the morning snow was still falling, though not so heavily, and the men looked out of the door on an Arctic waste of whiteness. The Bard professed himself entirely recovered, though his white worn looks belied him. They breakfasted meagrely on dry bread, hardly speaking at all. Yet their silence was no longer what it had been twenty-four hours earlier. The difficulty and anxiety of the past night had in some measure changed their relationship. They had shared these together, and common humanity had forced them to render services to one another. Weeks of ordinary acquaintance might not have revealed as much to them as these few hours had done.

"Mr. Grant," said Colin, "I am inclined to start off walking. I should meet the horses, and there might be a possible chance of reaching Boronach to-night. There will be," he added with a slight hesitation—"there will be anxiety there upon your account."

The Bard's face flushed. "I hope to be able to bring the news of my own safety," he said stiffly and somewhat ungraciously. He was silent a moment. "Mr. Stewart," he burst out then, "I believe you are a man of honor—I believe you are. I understand there has been some slight friendship between yourself and my daughter, and I think you will see for

yourself how that cannot be renewed."

Colin was for a moment taken aback; then he straightened himself, and looked the Bard in the face. "Mr. Grant," said he deliberately, "you are not altogether informed. It is not a slight friendship I have for—your daughter. I love her. If I could, I would make her my wife."

The flush on the Bard's face deepened. "I think you have daring to say that to me," he said with passion. Presently he burst out again, "I suppose you will tell me she is willing."

"I did not say that," Colin answered in a lower tone. "I do not know that I have a right to say that."

"'It's the speirin' maks the odds,' I suppose," said the Bard, his anger growing. "Man, I wonder you have the hardihood to mention such a thing to me."

"I hope I have more hardihood than that, Mr. Grant," returned the other coolly, for he was becoming angry also.

"You are the son of a man for whom I had the greatest contempt of any on this earth," cried the Bard.

"I think one who speaks so of the dead deserves the contempt," said Colin, restraining himself with difficulty. He took his hat and coat, saluted Angus, and set out for the Braes.

He had not gone far when he realized that there was no question of getting through to Boronach that night, or in all probability for many nights. Strong as he was, he was wellnigh exhausted before he met the men from the Braes with the horses. All he succeeded in doing by his efforts was to reach the little wayside inn some hours before the Bard. There he found James, the driver, who had returned after a fruitless attempt to get on to the next stage. The road was impassable; snow was still falling: no one remembered such a snow-storm.

There was no accounting for the impetuous Bard. On arriving at the inn,

the first thing he did was to apologize to Collin in the most gentlemanly way for the turn the conversation had taken in the bothy. Collin spoke as until that moment he had not thought to speak to Angus Bard.

"There are many old scores between us, Mr. Grant," he said with feeling.

"For my part, I should be willing to let the last go with the first, if you would allow,"—he looked Angus in the face,—*"if I might ask—my wife from you."*

The Bard glared at him and turned on his heel.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be concluded.)

THE MORALITY OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has been objected by some critics of late that, inasmuch as Shakspeare is known to us, mainly, as a dramatic poet, and as the function of dramatic poetry is to represent imaginary characters objectively, and without intruding the personality of the poet, we have no right to make deductions from the poetry as to the principles of the poet. But however this may appear true in the abstract, it has pleased God to make great dramatic poets with more human nature in them than to shut up their souls in an aesthetic abstraction. In his greatest works Shakspeare is no doubt the most truly dramatic of all dramatists; he certainly never intrudes himself on the reader unseasonably; but in all his plays there are passages in which his real feeling and conviction seems to boil up to the top, and we feel that for the moment we are face to face with the man Shakspeare speaking from his own heart. It has been a matter of interest to me for some time past to collocate and compare some of the passages in the plays which seem to represent Shakspeare's own opinion on the conduct of life, or which throw light on the accepted morality of his day, though this is the first time that I have put any of these observations into written form.

It is hardly necessary to say that in speaking of the morality, or, as I might

rather put it, the moral teaching, of Shakspeare I am using the word "morality" in the broad sense, as referring to the general conduct of life, not in its usual restriction, in popular parlance, to questions of the relations of the sexes, though that subject of course comes into the programme.

But how are we to discriminate the passages in which Shakspeare speaks his own thought? It is perhaps rather a matter for instinctive perception than for critical analysis. To some extent we may trace his moral convictions in his whole manner of treating a special character. Independently of that, when we come upon passages of special fervor of diction and splendor of imagery, which do not necessarily arise out of the action and do not further it, we can hardly doubt that we have come across a moment in the play when the poet was impelled to speak his own thought, either in the moral or in the poetic sense.

Coleridge said of Shakspeare: "He could never have written an epic; he would have died of plethora of thought," in a form of poem in which the poet's own thought has full liberty of development; and this fulness of his fancy now and again breaks through the boundaries of drama. As an instance in regard to poetic thought, take that wild and Dantesque passage put into the mouth of Claudio in his con-

temptation of the terror of death:

And the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless
winds
And blown with restless violence
round about
The pendent world.

All this is quite beyond so poor and commonplace a creature as Claudio, nor in any case was it natural for a man in the agony of praying for life to go off into an imaginative rhapsody on the possibilities of existence after death; it was Shakspeare who could not help that. Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy is in keeping with the character and situation of Hamlet; still, I think it is Shakspeare's own reflection as much as Hamlet's; but it does not seem out of place in the mouth of him who is the subjective character *par excellence* in Shakspeare's plays; in whom, as Julius Hare beautifully put it, "thousands of readers have each recognized his wiser and gentler self," and through whose mouth one may fancy that Shakspeare himself speaks more than through any other one of his characters. But the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare's deliverance of his own mind, especially in a moral sense, are to be found in those sudden and keen observations, those brief criticisms of life, which he flashes upon us unexpectedly through the mouths of some of his inferior, or even some of his worst and most immoral, characters. It is perhaps in such passages, where the thoughts expressed are quite out of keeping with the personage who gives utterance to them, that we feel most certainly that we are getting at the poet's own mind.

Of Shakspeare's religious creed (to begin with that) we get little indication through the plays; but there are two passages which seem to imply that

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he accepted what evangelical divines used to call "the scheme of redemption" through Christ's atonement. One is in the passing reference to the Holy Land:

Over whose acres walked those blessed
feet,
That fifteen hundred years ago were
nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross;

The other is in the plea of Isabella to Angelo:

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best
have took
Found out the remedy.

This, it may be said, is only in character for a sister of a religious order, but I doubt if Shakspeare would have touched on the subject, in both cases, in such grave and tender language, if he had not had some personal feeling in regard to it. One passage indicates the sympathy (constantly met with among poets) for old religious superstitions, where Marcellus refers to the belief that:

Ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night
long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no
planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power
to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the
time.

Horatio's answer:

So I have heard, and do in part believe
it,

I think expresses the poet's own feeling—the natural attitude of a poet to—

wards picturesque superstition; he would like to believe what is so charming in itself. It is curious to note in *The Tempest*, however, a more pagan and quasi-pantheistic tone:

The Powers delaying, not forgetting,
have
Incensed the seas and shores,
Against your peace.

And again in the sublime passage about the "cloud-capt towers" which significantly ends:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Certainly not the reflection of the orthodoxy of Shakspeare's day. In connection with modern scepticism as to the authorship of *Henry the Eighth*, we may contrast this with Queen Katharine's vision of the angels, who offer her a crown which:

I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall
Assuredly.

I confess that hardly seems to me to be in Shakspeare's hand; there is a kind of savor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* about it. He touches on the subject more in his own manner in the passage of arms between Olivia and the clown in *Twelfth Night*:

Clown.—Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia.—Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clown.—Good Madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia.—Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown.—I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Olivia.—I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown.—The more fool you, Ma-

donna, to weep for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

As to Shakspeare's political creed, it is to be feared that he was a rank Tory. He adopts the then orthodox view of monarchy as he does the orthodox view of Christianity. Even if we take some of the isolated sentences on kingship:

There's such divinity doth hedge a
king,
That treason can but peep to what it
would,
Acts nothing of his will.

Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general
groan.

If we take these to be merely dramatic expressions (and I doubt if they can be taken so), we cannot escape the consensus of evidence from the general treatment of monarchical personages in his plays; the adulation with which they are addressed, the sublime bump-tiousness of their own speeches, leaving no room to doubt that Shakspeare intended his audience at least to accept the theory of the divine right of kings. It might be said that no dramatist could or dared represent monarchy otherwise in those days; but if Shakspeare had dissented much from the general superstition he would have curtailed or moderated some of this tall talk about the privileges and the majesty of kings. And after all the position adopted was not so unreasonable as it would seem now. It was very spirited of Green, in his *History of the English People*, to ignore the kings altogether as landmarks of history, but there can be no doubt that in the pre-Revolution days the personal character of the reigning sovereign had an influence on the country which it is somewhat difficult to realize now. On the other hand, it is gratifying to note that Shakspeare had no taint of that

damnable ultra-modern paradox that patriotism is a littleness and a superstition; that it is nobler to look on with philosophic unconcern, or even to rejoice, at the discomfiture of your own country in any contest carried on when the opposite political party are in power. One cannot doubt that Shakspeare spoke directly from his own heart to his countrymen in the stirring lines with which Faulconbridge winds up the play of *King John*:

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,

If England to itself do prove but true.

One can fancy what a cheer arose in the Globe Theatre at the first declamation of this peroration, with the memory of the Armada still fresh in the minds of the audience.

But not only was Shakspeare politically a Tory, he was, alas! socially an aristocrat, in his leanings at all events. No poet, certainly, has shown more universal power of sympathy; nothing so tender in sympathy can be cited, perhaps, in our language as the three words in which sleep is characterized as "Sore labor's bath"; and when he makes such excellent fooling of Dogberry and Verges, it is obvious that he has the kindest feeling towards them all the time. But who can read *Coriolanus*, that master portrait of aristocratic hauteur, without feeling that Shakspeare in his heart thoroughly admired Coriolanus?

His nature is too noble for this world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder,

says Menenius. The populace are throughout the play represented as contemptible; as fickle, mean-spirited, and not knowing their own minds; and their two Tribunes as a couple of sneaks and cowards. It may be urged that this is only dramatic art, to set off with more effect the lofty and self-reliant figure of Coriolanus; but I think most readers must admit that a poet who had felt any sympathy with the popular side would have made it a little more respectable. And generally speaking, on the testimony of various other passages which there is not space to cite, it seems clear that Shakspeare had a decided contempt for the opinion of the many. Nor was he above the class prejudices of his day in another respect. *The Merchant of Venice* renders it abundantly clear that Shakspeare detested and despised the Jew as much as any of his hearers did. He indeed paints dramatically Shylock's view of the situation: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" etc., but the outcome of the whole play is that Shylock was a member of an accursed race, who were fair game; and Irving's reading of the character, however thoughtful and interesting, was not Shakspeare's, and was totally inconsistent with many passages in the play.

Coming now to the lights Shakspeare throws on the conduct of life and on moral responsibility, we cannot doubt that we have in Polonius's advice to Laertes the poet's own idea as to maxims of conduct for a young man entering life; and a fine and manly compendium it is, not without a dash of worldly wisdom, but worldly wisdom of a lofty type:

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

That this is Shakspeare's own morality is evident when we consider how entirely out of place it is in the mouth of Polonius, who in every other passage in the play is an old prig, at once pompous and trivial; "he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps," says Hamlet when Polonius finds the player's speech too long—reminding one of Sir Robert Walpole's recipe for entertaining a mixed company; at his own table, he said, "he always talked bawdry, for in that every one could join." Still finer, but in somewhat the same tune, is Hamlet's characterization of his chosen friend:

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well
commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she please; give
me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him
In my heart's core; yea, in my heart
of hearts,
As I do thee.

If any one doubts whether this is Shakspeare's own profession let him turn to the Sonnets:

They that have power to hurt, and
will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do
show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation
slow:—
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from ex-
pense;
They are the lords and owners of their
faces,
Others but stewards of their excel-
lence.

Hamlet's friend has so little to say in the play that many readers probably hardly do justice to him; but it is

that very reticence and sobriety of speech which is part of the strength of his character. When Hamlet in his wild excitement after the play scene begins to quote nonsense verses, and says, "Would not this gain me a fellowship in a cry of players?" and Horatio replies, "Half a share"; and in the same cool tone, after the next outburst, "You might have rhymed," the thoughtless spectator may perhaps regard him as dry and phlegmatic. But Hamlet had no doubt of his man. Horatio's is the type of friendship between men which is perhaps to be found among Englishmen more than among any other race; the friendship which does not protest or gush, but where each knows that he can depend on the other absolutely. Horatio's simplicity and reticence in all the scenes in which he appears are no mere accident; they are characteristic of a very noble though severe and self-contained nature. Horatio, in fact, would probably have shown himself, had he been placed in Hamlet's position, the finer and stronger nature of the two; Hamlet's defect (of which he was himself quite conscious) was a disposition to dream rather than to act. This made him more interesting as a study, but Shakspeare's sympathies were certainly with boldness in action. The famous passage "There is a tide in the affairs of men" is a kind of trumpet blowing to battle which has stirred many a slackened mind, possibly, into energy; and it is impossible not to recognize the personal spirit in it; it is not Brutus but Shakspeare who speaks. Similarly, the long exhortation of Ulysses to Achilles in the third act of *Troilus and Cressida*, which for dramatic purposes is far too long and involved—a modern manager would certainly have insisted on large "cuts" in it—is an opportunity for Shakspeare to deliver himself of his healthy and strenuous moral:

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is
to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery. Take the
instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep
then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give
way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-
right,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush
by,
Leaving you hindmost.

The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may
again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself
allve,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

The will—the will is to triumph over
obstacles whether of fortune or of
temptation; that is Shakspeare's creed:
the lesson is spoken through the
mouths of far less worthy personages
than Ulysses; that good-for-nothing
loafer Lucio can encourage Isabella
with the stirring reflection:

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft
might win,
By fearing to attempt;

and the typical villain, Iago, comes
down on the puling Roderigo, who
whines that "it is not in virtue to
amend it":

Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves
that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies
are our gardens, to which our wills
are gardeners; so that if we will plant
nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop or
weed up thyme, supply it with one
gender of herbs or distract it with
many; either to have it sterile with
idleness or manured with industry; why
the power and corrigible authority of
this lies in our wills.

Curious talk to come from the lips
of Iago; who, however, was at all
events a capable and determined
scoundrel, like Edmund the bastard
in *Lear*, who is made to sing the same
tune:

This is the excellent foppery of the
world, that when we are sick in for-
tune (often the surfeit of our own be-
havior), we make guilty of our disas-
ters the sun, the moon, and the stars;
as if we were villains by necessity,
fools by heavenly compulsion; drunk-
ards, liars, and adulterers, by an en-
forced obedience of planetary influ-
ence; and all that we are evil in, by a
divine thrusting on. . . . An admirable
evasion of whore-master man, to lay
his goatish disposition to the charge of
a star.

And in spite of "There's a divinity
that shapes our ends," I think the
poet's own scorn spoke in Iago and
Edmund, and that Shakspeare was not
altogether a believer in the insistence
of environment. Among other weighty
thoughts on the morale of life, which
flash out in unexpected quarters, is
that advice to the too staid and self-
righteous Angelo:

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to
waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on
thee.
Heaven doth with us as men with
torches do;
Not light them for ourselves; for if our
virtues
Do not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Again, with what weight there comes
out that stern answer of Angelo, when
Escalus suggests that he should put
himself in the place of Claudio—that
he might have sinned likewise under
the same temptation:

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

A still more striking passage on temptation is that which surprises us suddenly from the lips of Troilus, when he exhorts Cressida not to be tempted to disloyalty, and the hussy answers, "Do you think I will?"

No:

But something may be done that we will not;

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we would tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

I can never forget the impression that passage made on me on first reading it, the weight and solemnity of the warning coming with double force for its unexpectedness in the mouth of the amorous Troilus, merely anxious that his light mistress should not throw him over. It is quite too weighty for Troilus; it was Shakspeare who could not resist having his say in his own way.

The retribution that comes on wrongdoers in most of the plays is of course only the conventional poetical justice of the stage; but in *Lear*, where the sacrifice of Cordella has been thought by many to be too harsh a tragedy for the stage, Shakspeare gives us something more than the conventional retribution in that reflection which has passed into a proverb:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make whips to scourge us;

clenched by the still more ominous and fateful reply of Edmund:

'Tis true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here:

an imagery which recalls the relentless fatalism of the Greek drama.

And how are we to reconcile this with the case of Falstaff? Certainly,

in the words of the Prayer-book, "a notorious evil-liver." We can hardly judge of Falstaff, however, because we do not know his whole career; we do not know how he came to this. He has somehow lost, or blunted, all moral sense, yet without seeming really to mean much harm, for that affair of the highway robbery was more of a lark than anything else. He is simply the most audaciously amusing old rip one ever met, with a kind of remnant of the gentleman about him; one has not the heart to judge him hardly; Shakspeare has indeed drawn a moral from him, remarkable as the only direct and obvious moral in the plays which is purely dramatic in conception. The manner of death of Falstaff was the natural end of his manner of life; there is no pretence of preaching over him; and yet—Falstaff babbling of green fields (I believe in the existing reading), and comparing the flea on Bardolph's nose to a black soul burning in hell fire—could there be any more keenly pathetic end of a dissolute life?

Parallel with Shakspeare's contempt for the crowd is his contempt for servants and followers—the sort at least who serve only for hire, and are content to sell their souls, their individuality, their self-respect (if they ever heard of such a thing) for wages. His finest *exposé* of these creatures is in *Coriolanus*, where the servants of Tullus Aufidius are quite unable to recognize the greatness of Coriolanus under his disguise, but are penetrated with admiration for him when they discover that he is so great a man: "What an arm he had; he turned me about with the finger and thumb, as one would set up a top." "Nay, I knew by his face there was something in him: he had a kind of face, methought, I could not tell how to term it." Shakspeare would have enjoyed the London flunkey. For his reverence for sincere and faithful service it is only necessary to name the

sketch of old Adam in *As You Like It*; but there is a still finer passage, less familiar, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where Enobarbus realizes that nothing further is to be looked for from Antony:

Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earn a place in the story.

This sentiment, again, is quite above the ordinary level of Enobarbus, it is rather Shakspeare's own reflection; Enobarbus is a good sort of rough soldier, but he says nothing else in the course of the play that would lead us to expect that he could rise to so noble a sentiment. Remarkable too is Shakspeare's perception of the half-and-half morality of commonplace natures, as exhibited in the character of Emilia, of whom Johnson (whose Shakspeare criticisms are worth more attention than they receive) observes: "The virtue of Emilia is such as we often find; worn loosely, but not cast off; easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies." In conversation with Desdemona she speaks lightly of conjugal infidelity: "Wouldst thou do such a thing for the whole world?" says Desdemona. . . . "Marry," is the answer; "I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps—but for the whole world! The world is a huge thing, 'tis a great price for a small vice." But when Iago's villainy comes out, she is the noisiest of all; "Villainy, villainy; I think on't, I smell it." As Phillip van Artevelde says:

Stupidity is seldom soundly honest.

As to purity in women, Shakspeare gives ample evidence of his reverence for it, even in giving an elaborate portrait of the "horrid example" in the person of Cressida, his one unchaste

heroine. It is notable how, when this baggage is taken off to the Grecian camp, and forthwith sets about making herself agreeable, Ulysses, the wise man of the party, diagnoses her at once: "She will sing any man at first sight," he says contemptuously. The sensitive delicacy of Desdemona is beautifully indicated in her shrinking from even repeating the term which her husband had used to her in his jealous raving. "My lord hath so bewhored her," says Emilia in her coarse way:

Desd. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Desd. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

But the most beautiful instance is perhaps in the answer of Posthumus after first hearing Iachimo's lie:

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,

And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn.

It is certainly rather a poor comment on this that when Iachimo makes his scandalous wager on the wife's chastity, her husband, instead of kicking him on the spot, takes up the wager and gives the scoundrel a letter of commendation to the wife, in order that he may have a fair chance! A curious example of what an audience of that day would swallow as a possible or probable plot; in this respect one might have hoped to find Shakspeare a little more in advance of his time.

Rosalind and Beatrice are two very lively and outspoken young women, yet we are conscious that through all their mirth they are as good and chaste as can be, and there is something especially charming and healthy in Celia's advice to Rosalind "to love no man in good earnest; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure

blush thou may'st in honor come off again." On the other hand, there is no more characteristic trait in Iago than his constant coarseness in speaking of women. "I cannot believe that in her," says that half-baked rogue Roderigo, when he is told Desdemona is in love with Cassio: "she is full of most blessed condition." "Blessed fig's end," retorts Iago, "the wine she drinks is made of grapes"; and though he knew that she had not committed herself with Cassio, he would have thought it quite possible:

It is the low man thinks the woman low.

As to the general question of sexual immorality, Shakspeare, however, is by no means strait-laced; there is a sort of healthy animalism about him, so far as healthy passion is concerned. In the case of Claudio and Juliet, however, he puts a very false moral into the Duke's mouth; when poor Juliet owns that their "offenceful act was mutually committed," i.e. that she had not been very unwilling, the Duke takes on him to say:

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his:

a conclusion one must repudiate utterly. Unless the girl were radically bad—and clearly Juliet was not, surely the heavier sin lies with the seducer; there can hardly be two opinions on that point, and Shakspeare made a slip there, if he seriously intended to back the Duke's view. But on marriage and its higher ideal Shakspeare is noble—for the age he lived in, wonderful. No higher stand could be taken than in that speech of Portia to Brutus:

Am I myself

But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort
your bed.

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I
but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no
more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

We may notice also the protest (far in advance of the general feeling of the time, or even of two or three centuries later) against marriages *de convenance*, in the speech of Fenton at the close of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in excuse for his eloping with Ann Page:

The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Fenton's is a very insignificant part in the play, he is a mere piece of the machinery of the plot; and here evidently it is Shakspeare himself who speaks. Mere amorous passion, on the other hand, he shows as a clog to the greater business of life. Antony is ruined by his passion for Cleopatra, his judgment completely muddled by it; one is reminded continually, in the progress of the play, of Bacon's weighty sentence in the essay *Of Love*: "If it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends." Troilus only gets misery out of his passion for Cressida, which is of a very sensual order; and the foolish empty talk of Pandarus, Paris and Helen (Act III. scene 1.)—people who have nothing to occupy their minds all day but idle philandering—is a most characteristic bit of light satire. And lastly, if Shakspeare is, as was suggested, rather indulgent to the slips of healthy passion, he has apparently the greatest contempt for mercenary vice. With Shakspeare it is only fools who

sink to that. Men and women may have their guilty passions in which there is a note of tragedy; but as to the "harlots' houses," it is poor old Falstaff who is found there (the only scene perhaps in which he is entirely contemptible),¹ sitting with Doll Tearsheet on his knee; it is that silly old prig Justice Shallow who boasts of his former exploits in that line, and asks if Jane Nightwork is alive still; it is Lucio, the light-living gentleman, one of the most contemptible characters Shakspeare ever drew, who is hand in

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glove with all the vermin of the bad houses, and thinks it a capital joke to meet the male procurer on his way to prison, and to call after him, "Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, Ha?" Shakspeare is a more effective preacher on that matter than the author of the Book of Proverbs; and if one did know of any young man of education who was such a fool as to require a sermon on the subject, one could not do better than give him a Shakspeare and turn down the leaf at those passages.

H. Heathcote Statham.

THE COMEDY OF THE ROSY LOVE PHILTRES.

Trade was slack with the little coppersmith these times. Not a housewife in the Campo San Tomaso but dally scrubbed pans and pipkins of Gianni's making; not a bright-eyed maid went to the well of the carved lions without carrying across her shoulders on a wooden yoke great copper water-pots which Gianni had fashioned; and as he was a good workman, and gave value for his money, it stood to reason that these things wore well, and did not need constant replenishing. Therefore, time hung somewhat heavily on his hands and gave to the Evil One a chance of proving the truth of the old saying about idle hands and mischief.

"I miss thy tapping, my Gobbo," said Pia la Strega to him. "It always sounded cheerily when I was working up here. Thou wert like a gnome in a cavern, tapping for treasure. Hath the vein run dry, *folletino mio*?"

"Dry as a sucked orange," replied Gianni, with a grin. "No one wants pots and pans these days. That gives me more time to run thy errands, mother."

¹ I am speaking, of course, only of the Falstaff of "Henry the Fourth." The Falstaff of "The Merry Wives" is a different person altogether.

As Gianni stood at her threshold, a low moaning sound struck unpleasantly on his ear.

"How the wind howls up here!" he said. "It is more sheltered in my little den below."

"Get thee to it, then," answered Pia, significantly; and the Gobbo, nothing loth, skipped out of the room, and down the steps.

It was a warm, sunny day in early spring. The blue sky above was flecked with little white clouds, which scarcely moved, so light was the wind. There was more than a suggestion of summer in the air, and scarcely breeze enough to stir the leaves of the geraniums in Pia's open window.

"That is a strange wind up there," mused the Gobbo. "Whatever it is, it blows a mystery into Pia's life. *Altro!* that is no business of mine. I had better mend old Assunta's coffee-pot, and not meddle with affairs which don't concern me."

He seated himself at his task, but still his thoughts kept wandering. The spring had got into his blood, and made him restless. He flung his tools one way, the coffee-pot another.

"By San Marco's Pillar, I can work

no more!" he cried. "I must do something to amuse myself."

He looked out on the greeny-blue pigeons as they strutted up and down the pavement of the Campo, preening themselves, and cooing and making love. A girl, passing, peeped in on him and laughingly cried:

"Wake up, Gianni Gobbo! Art in a day-dream?" She flung something soft and scented in his face. It was a rose-red carnation. It fell on the dingy floor—a tiny note of color and fragrance in the gloom.

When Gianni had picked it up and looked out, the girl was gone. . . .

"It's that saucy Vanna!" he said. "I'll pay her out for this. It's always the way. I am of no more account than the well-head there. If I steal a kiss 'Bah! It's only Gianni.' If I squeeze a round waist—'*Già*, my little Gobbo! it's only you.' When I listen to their chatter—what does it matter?—'It's only Gianni.' And that Vanna is always the worst. What a tongue she has, that one! And how particular she is! She is one who would look for a hair in an egg! No wonder she has not got a husband. This one will not do, nor that one! One would think she wanted a Signore!"

A shadow fell across the entry, and a voice said, "Art there, Gianni?"

Gianni looked up. It was Beppe with the one leg, who lived at the other side of the Campo, and who earned his living in various, but more or less lucrative, ways. In the tourist season he got many a *soldo* for opening church doors for English and American ladies: sometimes he sold little packets of corn to feed the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco—*ma che*, a very money-making business that, as he got the corn for little or nothing from one of his many friends! But it was his glib tongue and facility in begging which earned him most, for few could resist his saucy smile and bright eye as he

cheerily described himself as *un povero disgraziato* (a poor unfortunate), for whom he craved a little assistance.

In the fishing season he would lend a hand with the boats, for, in spite of only having one leg, few were more adroit in a boat than he. And so he lived from day to day, careless, debonair, and free.

"Thou art as welcome as shade on a summer's day," said Gianni. "Come in, and tell me what I can do for thee, and then I will tell thee what thou lackest."

In that instant an idea had flashed across his quick brain—a joke so stupendous that he felt that, when he gave himself time to consider it, he must crack his sides with laughter.

Beppe hopped nimbly down the two steps which led into the coppersmith's lair, holding a little saucepan in his hand.

"Canst mend this for me, Gianni *mio*?" he said. "There is a delicacy in certain parts. In fact it is so delicate that it will not hold water any more—ungrateful beast, when I have been faithful to it for so long."

"The way of the world, *amico*!" grinned Gianni, tickled almost to tears at the thought of his joke, which was nothing more nor less than to marry Vanna to the *povero disgraziato*.

"Me? I find the world not so bad," said Beppe, sitting on the edge of the coppersmith's table, and resting his crutches by his side. "I have enough to eat and drink, friends by the twenties, a *soldo* or two for a game of cards and a *sigaretta*—what more wouldst thou?"

"*Ahi!* there is something that thou lackest sadly!"

"What is that, Giannino?" asked Beppe, still smiling.

"A wife!"

"*Corpo di Bacco!* I? What would I do with a wife? *Un povero disgraziato* such as I?"

"Ah! that is what she said."

"She? Whom dost thou mean? Who said aught about me to thee?"

"Zitto! zitto! Who said that any one said aught to me about thee?"

"Thou didst thyself, this very instant," returned Beppe indignantly, hopping off the table in his excitement.

"Did I of a truth?" said Gianni innocently. "It must have slipped out. I have grasshoppers in the head! Who would have thought me such a pumpkin as to repeat a few words overheard by the well in the evening? Forget it, Beppe, I pray thee."

"Nay, but thou must tell me!" cried Beppe, whose curiosity was now thoroughly roused. "Thou hast at once said too much and too little. Who said aught, and what did she say?"

"Nay, what a man thou art! Who said it was a she? Faith, in spite of thy bachelorhood, thy thoughts always turn to a petticoat, Beppe *mio*!"

"Thou saidst it thyself, little rat!" cried Beppe, hopping about the room. "Although I am a man of mild and gentle temper, and verily possess the patience of Job and Job's father and mother, I will shake the truth out of thee unless thou speakest at once!"

Gianni laughed impishly. It was a droll sight had there been any to see—the dark little room below the pavement, with its copper pots and pans looming lambent through the gloom; the little hunchback perched on his stool, with the gay rosy carnation stuck behind his ear, and mischief written on every line of his monkey face; and the one-legged Beppe dashing his soft felt hat on the floor, and hopping about in a very frenzy of excitement.

"Softly, softly, *amico*! One does not open a keyhole with a poker. As I was unfortunate enough to let a few words fall, I may as well tell thee all, or thou wilt magnify it to a romance."

"Tell me, then."

"It was but this. Some little time ago, on an evening when the girls were chattering around the well there, they talked of this one and that one, as girls will, and among the names mentioned was thine. One said thou wert a merry fellow, another that thou wert a *ladrone*."

"The jade! Who was she?"

"Another that thou wouldst be handsome if thou hadst two legs; and another—she of whom I thoughtlessly spoke—said that thou wouldst be handsome if thou hadst—"

"What?"

"None!" returned Gianni. "What dost thou think of that, *amico mio*?"

"I think she was of ripe taste and sound judgment, that one!" said Beppe, a glow of satisfaction spreading over his face. "Who was she?"

"Nay, I mention no names. She may have changed her mind by this. Perhaps her years are ripe as well as her taste."

"She may be none the worse for that. These young butterflies think of nothing but flitting in the sun. I'll show them that a man with one leg is as good as, if not better than, a man with two!"

"Bravo! *Bravissimo*! my Beppe!" Gianni applauded softly. "Here is thy saucepan, beautiful and finished. Take with it my advice, that thou wilt have no comfort till thou hast a wife."

"Why dost thou not take thine own advice?"

"Perhaps I shall. Who knows?" Gianni wagged his head till the rosy carnation shook.

"Who gave thee the flower, Gianni *mio*?"

"A maiden of ripe taste and sound judgment! *Vid*, thou idler! I am a busy man."

Beppe seized his saucepan and prepared to depart. "Tell me her name, and I will go."

"If thou must know, it was Vanna Moroni, the fruit-seller's daughter."

"She said I would be handsome had I no legs at all?" gasped Beppe.

"No, no! I never said any such thing. Thou'rt a crazy fellow, Beppe. She admires me, see you? otherwise, why should she toss me a flower as she passed?"

"Why indeed?" echoed Beppe, as he hopped up the steps, and crossed the Campo to his own abode.

His thoughts were busy as he went. Gianni's first arrow had shot home. Truly a whimsical Cupid, he! Well Beppe knew Vanna Moroni. She was a fine, straight girl, with black eyes and hair, and a somewhat high color in her cheeks, a good girl and honest withal. Yes, she helped her mother well with the fruit-stall near the Rialto, and her sharp tongue won her an honored position among the other market-women there. None dared to cheat Vanna Moroni in any way, or to bring their booths too close to hers. She had been younger, it is true, but what did that matter? When her complexion and her voice had been softer, she had had many lovers, but Vanna always held her head high. She was very particular: she would have none of them. And now she admired him—the *povero disgraziato* with only one leg! She had a good heart, that one, as well as good taste. She was a good manager, too—there would be no holes in the saucepan if *she* were in charge. His thoughts ran on, and so did he, never noticing where he was going until he came full tilt into a person who was in the act of entering the Campo from the Calle Maria. It was the subject of his thoughts, Vanna Moroni, and she was carrying a basket of oranges under one arm.

The basket fell, the oranges scattered in all directions over the pavement. Beppe was covered with confusion. "A thousand pardons, Vanna!"

he cried, flinging away the luckless saucepan, and stooping to pick up the vagrant oranges.

"*Niente! niente!*" returned Vanna good-humoredly. "Stay, I'll pick them up—it is hard for thee—"

"It is nothing," said Beppe stiffly. "Because I have but one leg is no reason why I cannot do as other men do."

Vanna looked at him, and gave a little laugh. "No reason at all. *Per Bacco!* if thou hadst two legs there would be no standing thee and thy impudence!"

Beppe stared as he handed her the last of the oranges. This did not sound like love-talk, he thought, and—yes—she had given the carnation to Gianni! Could it be possible that she preferred the Gobbo to him—Beppe, who, if he *had* only one leg, was yet straight and handsome?

There was no accounting for women and their vagaries. He felt slightly aggrieved—he, who but an hour ago had thought no more of Vanna Moroni than of the stone lions on the well-head! But the Southern blood is hot, and the Southern spring goes quickly to the head. Love runs through the veins like fire, and sometimes it needs but a crooked match to set it alight.

"That is not kind, Signorina Vanna," he said reproachfully.

"Since when didst thou wish for my kindness, *Signor Beppe?*" she asked, with a flash of her black eyes.

If Beppe had told the truth, he would have answered, "Since thou gavest the carnation to Gianni the Gobbo!" but it is not always either possible or expedient to speak the truth, so he temporized. "Ah, Vanna, thou hast a heart as hard as a millstone!"

"*Possibile!* But how shouldst thou know? Here are some oranges for thee; perhaps thou wilt find them softer." She tossed him a few oranges, and ran laughing across the Campo.

With eager eyes and rapidly increasing jealousy he watched her go, with heels clicking on the pavement, as far as Gianni's den. The Gobbo had watched the little scene with the keenest interest and amusement. He had not expected his seed to take root so quickly, and he rubbed his hands gleefully together as he saw the jealous glances which Beppe cast across the Campo after Vanna's retreating figure.

"Here, Gianni *mio*! I have brought thee a few oranges," said Vanna, stooping down. "Catch!"

Gianni caught them deftly. "A good Easter to thee, Vanna! Hast a heart as golden as thy fruit, even if —" He paused, and cocked an eye up at her.

"Even if what?"

"Nay, it is not fair to repeat what one person may say to another."

"Who has been talking of me to thee?"

"He meant no harm, *per Bacco*!"

Vanna seated herself calmly on the top step, while Beppe still glowered across the Campo from the shelter of his own doorway.

"May as well tell me at once, Gianni. It is ill to rouse a woman's curiosity and leave it hungry."

"Once he thought very well of thee, Vanna, but thou hast a sharp tongue, and —"

Vanna grew exasperated. "He? Who? What? Thou wouldst make a saint swear!"

"Thy oranges are sweeter than thy temper, Vanna *mia*."

"I am sorry I wasted them on thee, Gobbo." She rose to go, but this did not suit Gianni's purpose at all.

"The day is young. There is no haste, Vanna. I will tell if thou wilt." The Gobbo spoke reluctantly, almost as if the words were forced from him. "It was but now we spoke of thee, and he said that, though thou hadst a heart

of gold, thou hadst also a tongue of steel!"

"A tongue of steel?" repeated Vanna, her face growing slowly crimson. "Who had the impudence to say such a thing as that?"

"Some one whom thou hadst cut with it, perchance," continued Gianni slowly, watching the effect of every word.

Vanna still blushed. She was an honest girl, and well she knew that her sharp tongue had lashed and stung many a one; but she could not remember having wounded any one in particular. She shook her head. "I know not whom thou meanest."

"Has no little angel ever whispered in thine ear the name of one who loved thee well?"

The game was growing exciting now, and none knew better than Gianni on what dangerous ground he stood. But fear of reprisal could not deter him; he must go on, and play the comedy out, little recking that what sometimes begins as comedy has before now been known to end as tragedy.

"Many a one has loved me in my day," said Vanna, tossing her head.

"Yes, that was what he said."

"What *who* said?" cried Vanna. "Tell me, hobgoblin, or thine ears shall tingle."

Gianni covered his ears with his hands, and peeped up drolly at her. "Who but Beppe?" he answered.

"*Beppe? Il povero disgraziato!*" Vanna was chagrined, and laughed shrilly to hide it.

After all this teasing and rousing of curiosity, to dwindle down to one-legged Beppe! It was too much. The Gobbo should hear a bit of her mind.

"That great *mendicante*, who gets his living by idleness and impudence—he to dare to say such a thing of me? I'll teach him that, if my tongue is of steel, it has an edge, and can cut. I have refused his betters by the ten. I can earn more by honest work in a day

than he can by his begging in a week. Well enough he would like it, I vow, if I were to marry him, and support him in idleness. A thousand thanks, Signor Gobbo; when I do marry I'll marry a man with two legs, and not one who hops about like a sparrow."

Gianni let her run on, and when she paused for breath he shook his head sorrowfully.

"I did not think it of thee, Vanna."

"Think what?" asked Vanna crossly, rising to go for the second time. "I am sick of thee and thy thoughts." Yet it was curious to note that she waited for his answer.

"I did not think thou wert one to rail upon a man for his misfortune. Nature made poor Beppe with two beautiful straight legs, as well thou knowest, but a fall from a mast on a stormy night robbed him of one. Is it a fault to love thee? It seems to me that is a fault which most women would forgive. *Ahi*, the poor Beppe! When one said that thou wert getting on in years, and would never find a husband, what thinkest thou he answered?"

"*Già*, it is nought to me!" she said over her shoulder; but still she lingered.

"He said," continued Gianni slowly, "that he liked maidens of ripe taste and sound judgment; that these young butterflies flitting in the sun were as nought to him; that thou hadst a beauty of thine own and a heart of gold——"

"Also a tongue of steel," she flashed; but this time she laughed.

"*Su, su!* Still thou mockest!" said the Gobbo, nodding his head. "Go thy ways, my little Vanna, go thy ways! Perhaps a day will come when thou wilt think a man with one leg is better than no man at all!"

"That will be the day of San Mài!" she cried.

Before she was out of sight Gianni had darted to the back of the little shop

and rolled about on the floor in ecstasies of silent mirth. The tears rolled down his cheeks: it was years since he had enjoyed himself so much. Such a jest would not occur to a man more than once in a lifetime.

"They bite! they bite!" he murmured, gasping. "Softly, softly, my little fishes! And San Marco is my witness that I spoke nothing but the truth."

In spite of her sharp words, Vanna's interest had been aroused in Beppe, and from that day her thoughts began to have a trick of wandering in his direction. He had a handsome face of a certainty, and a good heart. If he had no fixed occupation, verily he was generous with his *soldi*, and one could not say that of every one. He had a knack of always being on the spot when he was wanted, and, despite his misfortune, was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He had a glib tongue and an impudent—the saints themselves could not deny *that*—and if he sometimes were idle, why, there was many another who would be content to do the half of nothing all his days!

Many little offerings began to find their way to Vanna's door these times—a freshly caught fish, a basket of green almonds, a bunch of roses, and last, but not least, a fine neckerchief with a pattern of pink and crimson flowers all over it. However, their donor received but scant outward gratitude, a frank recommendation not to waste his money, and a hint that he had better save his *soldi* to buy a new coat, as his present one needed mending sadly.

Vanna, womanlike, treated Beppe as she had treated all her former admirers. She was very sure of him—so sure that she was disdainful.

"She is over-certain of her fish, that one," said old Assunta, with whom Beppe lodged, to herself as she mended the coat Vanna had mocked at. "He

is not hooked yet, my little angler. Take care thou dost not feed on smoke!"

When Vanna saw the patch, her fingers itched to tear it off and do it all over again: it was so crooked, so badly done.

"*Il povero!* Of a truth he wants some one to look after him!" she thought. "What a pity it is that he has but one leg! Some girls might overlook that, but not I." So she still flouted his advances.

By this time Beppe was madly in love with her. The sun, moon, and stars were but as fireflies compared with Vanna! If she smiled, the sun shone, no matter how dark the day: if she frowned, the night gloomed, no matter how radiant the sunshine.

"I have never seen a worse case," said Gianni to Pia, laughing and chuckling in such a way that her suspicions were aroused.

"What hast thou to do with it, Gobbo?"

"I am Cupid, mother, the little blind god who shoots the arrows of love!"

"A nice love-god thou, of a certainty!" said Pia, looking askance at him as he nearly rolled off the stool with laughter.

"Art afraid of my becoming a rival, Pia?" he chuckled. "Shall I sell thee some of my love-potions?"

"Take care lest thou hast lit a fire which may burn thee to ashes," she warned, as Beppe detached himself from the group round the well, where some of the girls were laughing at Vanna's sallies, and walked moodily towards the railings, on which he leant, his back towards the Campo and his eyes on the water beneath him. "We want no bodies pulled out of our *rio*."

"*Ohimè!* Poor Cupid is hard worked these days!" said Gianni. "I must go cheer the disconsolate lover!"

He went away from Pia's room,

down the steps, and over to where the *povero disgraziato* stood staring into the sluggish green water.

Twilight was falling, and a rosy light flooded the little Campo. The swifts flew screaming round the roofs, and the *pipistrelli* were beginning their eccentric evening flight. From a distance came the soft tone of bells chiming the hour; blue spirals of smoke ascended the opal sky; there was a cheery sound of voices; the metallic clang of copper water-pots; the splashing at the well; the click-clack of little heels along the pavement.

All was quiet, peaceful, homely; but in the breast of poor Beppe the wound which Gianni's arrow had made was beginning to fester.

"*Hold, my old one!*" cried the Gobbo, cheerily, clapping Beppe on the back. "How goes thy affair with Vanna? Has she smiled yet?"

"I cannot stand it, Gianni!" exclaimed poor Beppe, turning suddenly round. "In spite of all I do she still flouts me. What else can I do, to please her? She mocks at my offerings—she will not even wear the handkerchief I gave her. She never is kind. What am I to do, Gianni? I cannot live like this, *Ohimè*, I think the canal will be my end."

"Courage! courage, Beppino *mio!* things are not so bad as all that. Vanna is but a woman, and finds it hard to make up her mind."

"But what am I to do?"

"Nothing, *amico*, nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. Thou seest, it is this rascally sailor from Genoa who has turned her head!"

"The sailor from Genoa?"

"*Sì, sì!* Didst thou not see him? A tall fellow with earrings in his ears?"

"Is it he who hath come between us? *Per Bacco!* If I could but catch him! I have two hands if I have but one leg,

and I know a very pretty upward thrust with a knife——"

"Softly, softly! We will have no knife-thrusting. I know a trick worth a hundred of that," cried Gianni, frightened at the other's sudden violence. Indeed, Pia had been right when she spoke of a devouring furnace. "Now, Heaven send that there may be no Genoese sailors with earrings in their ears on the Riva to-night!" he murmured to himself, while aloud he continued, "There is no doubt that thy best plan is to let her alone."

"Let her alone? How can I? Then the other man will make love to her!"

"He goes to-night. A little angel told me so. Then she will miss thee and thy little attentions; she will be sorry she flouted thee. Thou art a man, *amico*, and it is but right that thou shouldst let her see who is master. Go not near her for three days. Then come to me, and I will tell thee what to do."

"This is all very well, but her thoughts may turn to the sailor instead of to me."

"He will be on his way to Genoa then." "Maledictions on my pumpkin head, why did I ever invent him?" thought the Gobbo, whose lively imagination bade fair to get him into trouble.

"A bad Easter to him, the *ladrone*! Why didst thou not tell me sooner, Gianni, and I would have pulled out his ears as well as his earrings?" There was a vindictive ring in his voice which would have boded ill for the unfortunate sailor had he existed anywhere—except in Gianni's imagination. Then a sudden, quick suspicion darted into his jealous mind. "How do I know that it is not for thine own sake thou wishest me out of the way?"

"Enough!" said Gianni, coldly turning his back on him. "I have done with thee. Go thine own way, and the saints forbid it lead to thy destruction!"

Beppe would fain have talked a little longer, but the coppersmith turned a deaf ear to all his further remarks, so he had perforce to go away.

For three days he followed the Gobbo's advice. His attentions to Vanna ceased, he was no longer always at her elbow: the fruit-stall near the Rialto knew him no more: he gave up frequenting the evening gatherings at the well.

At first Vanna scarcely noticed; she thought perhaps he was busy with some new plan of making money. Then when evening came, and there was no Beppo at the well, she began to wonder. The second day passed, and it was no longer to be denied that Beppe had deserted her.

"Thy sharp tongue has driven away the poor fellow!" laughed Maria.

Vanna's cheeks burned, but she held her head as high as ever. "I can get him back with a smile whenever I wish!" she boasted.

"Possible!" said old Assunta, but she shook her head.

Later in the evening Vanna took one of her water-pots across to the coppersmith. "I think there is a thinness here, Gianni," she said. "See if thou canst put a little patch on it for me."

The Gobbo looked up at her shrewdly; it seemed to him that her eyes were somewhat red.

"Thy one-legged friend seems to have deserted thee of late," she said then, with a fine air of indifference.

"Deserted me?" returned Gianni, raising his eyebrows. "*Si, si!* he has found metal more attractive than my copper."

"Or than my steel?" flashed Vanna.

"Of a truth she is very pretty," went on Gianni musingly.

"She?"

"Truly, I have a flower of sense!" cried Gianni. "He charged me to say nought of it to thee."

"He? How dared he? Who is she,

Gianni? What does he mean by putting this insult on me?"

"No, Vanna, it is no insult. He loved thee well, but thou wouldst have none of him; thy sharp tongue, thy floutings drove him from thee—*il povero Beppino*, the truest lover maid ever had——"

"A fig for his truth!" broke in the angry Vanna.

"*Su, su!* What could he do when this pretty creature flung herself at his head? He is but a man, and she is soft, young, and pretty, with big gold earrings in——"

"I will tear them out!"

"Softly, softly! It is all thine own fault! Even now, perchance, thou couldst win him back. I do not think that he is really bewitched."

Vanna tried smiles, but they had no effect: a soft "*Beppino*," but he did not answer.

Then Vanna changed her tactics. She tried no more smiles: she became oblivious of his very existence, and it was a distracted Beppe who hopped down into the coppersmith's den late one evening.

Gianni forestalled his outburst by rising and saying, "*Benone, amico!* I see the time has come. Let us go up and consult Mother Pia."

"What can she do?"

"Give thee a charm to win back Vanna's love."

"That is well," said Beppe, hopping up the steps after him with alacrity. "Otherwise I should seek peace in the canal."

"*Su, su!* No more of that."

The Gobbo tapped at Pia's door.

"Come in!" she called, and they entered.

"Here is a *povero disgraziato* who seeks thine aid," said Gianni, and then he left them.

"Sit there, *amico*," said Pia, indicating the little stool, "and let me read in thy face what I can do for thee."

The room was dark when they entered, save for the glow of the brazier, which shone like a crimson eye from the other side of the room. Pia screwed up a bit of paper and lit it at the brazier. Then she brought forth a tall brass candlestick with a twisted stem, which at the middle swelled out like the bulb of a flower and blossomed into four white candles, which she proceeded to light. This she held near Beppe, so that the rays fell full upon his miserable face.

"I see thou art a lover," she said at last. "And an unhappy one at that." "*Ohimè!* too true."

"Thou hast come to me at a lucky moment. I will compound for thee a love-philtre, which thou must drink as I desire thee."

Presently she returned, with a little phial of clear glass in her hand. "Here is the philtre," she said. "See the color—rose—rosy as Love himself—the little god's chosen hue, which I see already reflected in thy cheeks, my Beppe. This thou must take to the Piazza San Marco, and drink as the bronze men hammer out the strokes of ten upon the clock tower. This thou must do in the shadow. Then step three paces into the moonlight, stand there while thou countest seven three times over, and then—go thy ways!"

"Is that all?" queried Beppe.

"That is all," Pia answered. "The next time Vanna seeth thee she will love thee."

"Thou knowest it is Vanna?"

"All things are known to La Strega," said Pia. "See that thou obeyest me in every particular; otherwise the spell may not work."

"I promise! I promise!" cried Beppe, almost beside himself with joy. "A thousand thanks, Pia. The blessing of all lovers be upon thee!"

He snatched up the phial, and hastened off, eager to try the charm.

"He did not pay me," said Pia to

herself. "Là, là, he forgot. It was not because he was bad-hearted. I have been young myself! And as it was but water and a drop or two of cochineal the loss is not great."

She blew out the candles, and sat by the open window, thinking of dead days, when she had been young, and needed something more powerful than the rosy love-philtre. But that is not the story of the Knave of Hearts.

Down below Beppe exhibited his love-potion in triumph to Gianni before he hastened off to the appointed spot. It was a long walk for a one-legged man, and, as Beppe said, it was better to be too early than too late.

Gianni rocked to and fro in his mirth when he had gone, and the last tapping of his crutches across the Campo had faded into silence.

"If Pia had not come to the rescue there would have been two murders!" he chuckled. "One a sailor from Genoa, the other a beauty from the Riva—oh, là, là! I shall die of laughter!"

Meanwhile Beppe limped from *calle* to *calle*, across bridges where now the water sparkled in the moonlight, now flowed in the shadow as dark as velvet, through *campi* as like the Campo San Tomaso as two nuts in a shell, past church and shop, mysterious doorway and lamplit house, till at last he came to the great square of his destination.

The Piazza was gaily lit with flickering lights, which looked very yellow beneath the moon's pure rays; but over in the corner near the clock tower were deep shadows where one could wait unobserved to hear the clock strike, and drink a love-potion at the appointed moment.

Beppe found such a spot, and waited with beating heart for the first stroke of the hammer upon the great gong.

The murmur of voices, the chatter of the people, the long-drawn cry of the gondolier, like an echo in the dis-

tance, fell unheeded on his ears. His whole being was concentrated on the effort of waiting, waiting till that mellow note should sound its joy-bell for him.

He had not long to wait. Above his head the sound boomed out. He raised the phial to his lips, and drained it of the rosy philtre. His head swam; there was a buzzing in his ears; he saw and heard nothing. Certainly he did not realize that in another shadowy corner another figure was crouched, who imitated his every movement with the fidelity of a mirrored reflection. When he drank the figure drank. When he paused the figure paused, and when he finally stepped into the moonlight and counted seven solemnly thrice, the other figure did likewise. Then they both turned, and came face to face in the brilliant moonlight.

"Vanna!"

"Beppe!"

In an instant they were in one another's arms, and with a wonderful dexterity for one so afflicted, and marvellous presence of mind under the circumstances, Beppe drew his sweet-heart back into the shadows again.

Vanna's hardness was melted; she was sobbing on Beppe's shoulder, and Beppe felt that the very heavens had opened and glorified his life for ever.

With caresses and soft love-words he soothed her; her tears did not take long to dry. Then she suddenly remembered.

"Beppe, that girl from the Riva?"

"Vanna, that rascally sailor from Genoa?"

"Nay, I know no sailor from Genoa!"

"Nor I any girl from the Riva—that is, any girl in particular."

Then it dawned on them how they had both been tricked and played with; but they only laughed, for what did it matter now?

"That *birichino* Gianni! I'll cuff him well for this!" cried Vanna.

"No, *carissima*, but we'll ask him to dance at our wedding," said Beppe, kissing her.

And so they had a great wedding in the Campo, and Gianni made all the pots and saucepans for the newly-mar-

The Pall Mall Magazine.

ried couple, which was more than he deserved. For once in the annals of human nature a fool in his folly had played with fire, and every one concerned had escaped unscathed.

Rachel Svecle Macnamara.

NATURE IN MODERN POETRY.

To seek the country has become a passion of the town-dweller. Our forefathers, though obtaining rest and relaxation, disregarded "the impulse of a vernal wood," nor could they invest Nature with moral significance. Nature had her charms for the poet, but received little recognition from the people. Religion, Love, War—these could be understood; but the "meditation and sympathy" of a Wordsworth were unknown. It is true Chaucer revelled in the beauty of a spring morning, and left his book for the woods and streams and flowers, but he hardly reflected the spirit of his age and he had few immediate successors. Spenser's pictures of Nature recall some of the tenderness of Chaucer, and Shakespeare delineates her charms; but they do not help man to interpret the mystery of life. Even the genius of Milton mainly revealed itself on the human side. Happily, in the middle of the eighteenth century, prose came to the rescue, and Gilbert White's *Selborne* was the forerunner of a new epoch; and though Mr. George Meredith has declared that the British have little real love for Nature, and that their ideal of its beauty is "the southerly wind and cloudy sky that proclaim it a hunting morning," we have but to read our modern poets to discover how frequent are their allusions to the life around them, how saturated with Nature-worship.

The evolution of this new cult is of great interest. The awakening came slowly. By the time that the country

entered upon the Georgian period, the poets had become so artificial that it was a relief when Collins endeavored to escape from the Greek style and adopt natural modes of expression. It was Cowper, however, who broke away from the traditions of his age and showed his hatred of affectation. He had a message, and he delivered it in such a way that he appealed to all true-thinking people as no poet had done before for some hundreds of years. He may be said to be the forerunner of Wordsworth: the aim of both was to glorify the common things of earth. Incidentally, the earlier great writers had touched upon man's relation to Nature, but this had been subordinated to the "lord of creation"—man. Thomson in his *Seasons* had given us fine descriptive sketches of country life, but he was cold and passionless. Collins and Gray had gone further—particularly the former; but with them Nature was only a "graceful ornament." Wordsworth was the first who loved Nature with a personal love. To him Nature was a Presence: God in Man spoke to God in Nature, and God in Nature spoke to God in Man. Yet Wordsworth was no Pantheist. Hear him:—

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake.

And this "mighty Being," he taught, will tranquillize life and fill it with rapturous enjoyment. In this note the new thought—that the world around us

is not dead, but living, and should therefore be a source of inspiration—not an object of worship, but a something that will lead us to worship. Though lacking the scientific knowledge that Tennyson and other modern poets have possessed, Wordsworth described what he saw with minute accuracy. His sense of form and motion was perfect. Who but he would have written of “the bleak music of that old stone wall”? And the objects he saw lived in his memory, in which he stored them up, so that he could brood over them in quiet days. He had “the harvest of a quiet eye.” He could call up at any moment a vision of delight, as, for example, when he gazed mentally on the daffodils:—

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

He could “see into the life of things.” The “outward shows of earth and sky” fed his mind in a wise passiveness, and revealed to him what reason and learning and books could not reveal. In his *Intimations of Immortality*, his note becomes jubilant, and his philosophic mind looks beyond “the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower,” until, no longer able to give complete expression to his thoughts, he closes with those frequently quoted lines:—

To me the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

In his Introductory to his new work,¹ Mr. Rannie says that “one cannot know Wordsworth without understanding the English Lakes.” Pope, like Dryden before him, wrote about Nature as a man born blind might write. And

¹ “Wordsworth and his Circle,” by David Wilson Rannie, M.A., with twenty illustrations. London: Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

Wordsworth’s one idea was to show that Nature might be trusted:—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

His object was “to give the charm of worship to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind’s attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us.”

Perhaps Tennyson’s scientific knowledge unfitted him for the pure, simple love of Wordsworth; on the other hand, his descriptive sketches, whether of clouds or birds, of trees or animals, are minute and skilful. True, vivid, an intense lover of the beautiful, Tennyson lacks the Wordsworthian fire of absolute devotion—the worship of a soul aflame with ecstatic joy. It is the Italian note in Shelley’s poetry, as we are reminded by Miss Anna B. McMahan in her charming new book: “sky, storm, tree, mountain, and sea, the whole spirit of Italian landscape lives in Shelley’s verse; he seldom composed within four walls, but found his inspiration on some solitary hillside, within some garden pergola, on a house-top terrace, or in a boat upon the waves.” Pompelli’s power over the imagination is expressed in his “Ode to Naples”:—

I stood within the city disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves like
light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets;
and heard
The mountain’s slumberous voice at
intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.

Browning regarded Nature as something dissociated from humanity, and

² “With Shelley in Italy”: a selection of his Italian poems and letters, by Anna Benneson McMahan, illustrated. London: Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

could not imagine her in entire sympathy with man's varied moods—sometimes gay, sometimes sad; yet no poet felt the ecstasy of mere living in Nature more deeply. But the human element is always present. In "Woodland Peace" ² George Meredith wrote:—

Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray.
No Paradise is lost for them
Who foot by branching root and stem
And lightly with the woodland share
The change of night and day.

Again, in "Love in the Valley":—

Could I find a place to be alone with
heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven
is my need,
Every woodland tree is flushing like
the dogwood,
Flashing like the whitebeam, sway-
ing like the reed,
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in
October;
Streaming like the flag-reed South-
west wind blown,
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
whitebeam!
All seem to know what is for heaven
alone.

Other modern poets must be mentioned briefly, and among them may be named Arthur Henry Clough. Possessing a mind singularly broad, it would have been impossible for Clough not to feel the influence of Nature over life in its higher aspects. The subtle spell visited him, and the deep and sometimes transcendental musings of Wordsworth's meditative mind had a charm for him which he could not resist. He revelled in lovely scenery, and the mountains and lakes of Britain rekindled his enthusiasm; and in his description of an early autumn at Pont-y-wern, he caught the spirit of the

Master. Resembling Clough in some respects, Matthew Arnold can hardly be said to have found joy in what he saw. His moral creed was intensely practical, and the goal of life could only be reached through strenuous living. Though he is fond of harmonizing Nature with morality, "the atmosphere of his verse, like the air that passes over a mountain farm, is clear and cold, and almost chilly." A lover of the country, he is forced to live within the sound of the busy metropolis, whence he wrote:—

In the huge world, which roars hard
by,
Be others happy if they can;
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

Henley appears to have had a special delight in the seasons, particularly spring and autumn, and in his description of birds he is remarkably exact in respect of sound. As he listens to the noise of running waters in the highlands of Scotland, he hears bird-music though "the air was hushed and dreamy":—

A straggling crow called high and thin.
A bird
Trilled from the birch-leaves. Round
the shingled shore,
Yellow with weed, there wandered,
vague and clear,
Strange vowels, mysterious gutturals,
illegibly heard.

In Mr. Stopford Brooke's delightfully illuminating poetical "Studies" ³ the personal love of Nature is indicated as the special mark of the poetry of the nineteenth century: in William Blake, he says, "that love of Nature for her own sake takes the form of joy; an audacious joy as of a young man in the plenitude of his power in the secret

² "The Nature Poems of George Meredith," with sixteen full-page photogravures. London: Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

³ "Studies in Poetry," by Stopford A. Brooke. London: Duckworth. 6s. net.

strength and god-like splendor of Nature." In the "Lines to the Evening Star" is this appeal:—

Smile on our loves, and while thou
drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy
silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet
eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind
sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glim-
mering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.

Keats, too, as Mr. Stopford Brooke points out, loved Beauty "in the flower and in the cloud," but as "a part only of the Universal Beauty," "the mighty abstract of Beauty" as he called it; "with this his heart was filled, his loneliness peopled." His imagination was fired by the recurring seasons; the spirit of autumn. is thus apostrophized:—

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy
store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad
may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary
floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnow-
ing wind,
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow sound
asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies,
while thy hook
The Outlook.

Spares the next swath and all its
twined flowers.

A dainty poetical fancy is portrayed by Sir Lewis Morris² in ten stanzas "On a Flight of Lady-birds," opening thus:—

Over the summer sea,
Floating on delicate wings,
Comes an unnumbered host
Of beautiful fragile things;
Whence they have come or what
Blind impulse has forced them here,
What still voice marshalled them out
Over wide seas without fear?
You cannot tell, nor I.

Of living poets it is difficult to say much. Mr. William Watson in his earlier days struck a true Wordsworthian note, and expressed his thought with striking terseness and vigor. But in later years he has shown his preference for subjects dealing with moral questions of life and conduct. It was he, by the way, who called attention to the work of Mr. Alfred Austin, which revealed "an intimate and affectionate knowledge of every bird that makes an English summer melodious, and every flower that sweetens English air." Our Laureate, however, contents himself mainly with sober prose when he portrays the world of Nature; and we have yet to find a modern poet who will bring us up to the standard of the last few decades of the nineteenth century.

PTERIUM.

RY COLONEL C. R. CONDER, LL.D.

The spade is ever at work in Asia and in Egypt, and the results of the important excavations which have been carried out during the last ten years are gradually creating a history of the ancient world, based on contemporary documents, such as the philosophers of the eighteenth century never dreamed

to be possible in the future. Now and again some specially picturesque or striking discovery attracts for the moment the attention of the general public, but as a rule they are only very vaguely interested in questions which

² "The Works of Sir Lewis Morris." Sixteenth edition. London: Kegan Paul. 6s. net.

seem to be important solely to specialists. Thus, except in Egypt and in India, where we enjoy special advantages, British explorers have to depend on the scanty subscriptions of private societies; whereas the French Government grants money for Asiatic explorations, while the Germans vie with France in their efforts to secure important discoveries, and the Americans also have added brilliant results in Babylonia. The wonderful finds of De Morgan at Susa, and the French and German discoveries in Syria and Asia Minor, possess a value for ancient history which exceeds anything that has recently been unearthed in Egypt, though the recovery of royal tombs strikes the imagination of the general reader more than that of tablets and monuments covered with cuneiform texts.

For the moment the attention of the learned is directed to the newest German discoveries in Asia Minor, which promise to throw great light on a subject which is becoming constantly more important, and which already constitutes a separate study of far-reaching consequences. Dr. Winckler has not yet published his account of the excavations at Pterium, but the finds are reported to include a copy—on a large tablet inscribed in cuneiform—of the famous treaty between Rameses II. of Egypt and the Hittites of Kadesh in Syria, of which an Egyptian version has long been known. It is one of the most remarkable of ancient documents, showing the high civilization of the two contracting parties in the fourteenth century B.C., while the use of cuneiform by the Hittites (though by no means a newly discovered fact) serves to confirm the view that the civilization of Syria and Cappadocia was of Babylonian origin.

Pterium or Pteria was a city very famous in history as the site of the obstinate drawn battle fought near it, in

the middle of the sixth century B.C., between Cræsus the Lydian monarch and Cyrus the Persian. Herodotus (i. 76) places it east of the river Halys, and south of Sinope, on the confines of Cappadocia, and tells us that it was the strongest city in that part of Asia. After the battle Cræsus retreated to Sardis, and disbanded his army for the winter, not imagining that the Persians would dare to follow him so far west. But Cyrus, like Napoleon, understood the importance of immediately following up a retreating foe. He mounted infantry on camels, which apparently were unfamiliar in this region, and by which the horses of the Lydian cavalry were terrified. Sending these improvised troops in front, he followed with the rest of his foot and horse, and thus accomplished the overthrow of the wealthy Lydian monarch, and finally established Persian dominion even as far west as the shores of the Ægean Sea.

The site of Pterium is generally placed close to the modern village of Boghazkeul ("the town of the pass"), which lies in a gorge, south of a more open valley, in the position described by Herodotus. The ruins were known to Texier and to Hamilton, and have been visited by Perrot and Ramsay. In 1882 Karl Humann photographed the wonderful rock sculptures of Iasili-kaia ("the carved stone"), in the ancient shrine about a mile farther east. In 1893 Ernest Chantre was sent on a mission to Cappadocia by the French Minister of Instruction, and his excavations at Pterium and elsewhere led to most startling and instructive discoveries, to which Dr. Winckler now appears to have added others equally valuable on behalf of Germany.¹ There was no doubt that the city was a strong and important place, for remains of a

¹ See "*Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien*," by K. Humann und Otto Puchstein, 1890; and "*Mission en Cappadoce*," by E. Chantre, 1896.

palace and of a fortress are still visible; but the excavations also show that its antiquity traces back some two thousand years earlier at least than the time of Cyrus, and that its civilization was the same as represented by the Hittite ruins of Carchemish, Aleppo, Hamath, and other sites in Syria, and extending not only to Cappadocia but also far west in Asia Minor, even to the shores of Ionia. The ancient race, of whom the Syrian Hittites were a tribe, and who at Pterium bear the name of Kati, possessed a peculiar art and a peculiar hieroglyphic character nearest akin to that of the non-Semitic Kassites and Akkadians in Mesopotamia. This civilization has only become known to scholars during the last thirty years; though the famous traveller Burckhardt, in 1822, was the first to describe the Hittite inscribed stones at Hamath. It is now very generally recognized that the early Greeks were greatly influenced by the art and culture of this native race, which they first encountered when crossing the *Ægean* to Ionia, and that the peculiar characters used by Greeks in Cyprus, in Crete, and in Asia Minor itself were derived from the Hittite hieroglyphics. It is also generally agreed that, although the Semitic Babylonians had appeared in Cappadocia as early at least as 2000 B.C., yet the civilization in question was that of a non-Semitic race. The wealth and culture of this people may be judged by the inspection of the beautiful gold ornaments, inscribed with Hittite signs, which have been brought from Asia Minor, and are to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Among the remains unearthed by M. Chantre, and pictured in his magnificent volume, are fragments of pottery closely resembling the early work found at Troy and at Mycenæ by Schliemann, and often called "*Ægean*," though it was neither confined to the

shores of Greece and Ionia nor apparently of Greek origin. It occurs also in Palestine and in Egypt about 2000 B.C., and one of the spindle whorls at Pterium bears signs which appear to belong to the later script of the Kati or Hittite inhabitants. But a still more important discovery of the French explorer was that of cuneiform tablets of early date. It is announced that one recently discovered bears the name of the Assyrian monarch Tiglath-pileser (apparently in the twelfth century B.C.); and another, found by M. Chantre, refers to an Assyrian as "a stranger" bearing rule over the Kati. But other Cappadocian tablets recovered by Chantre, and representing the correspondence of Babylonian trade agents, are believed to be considerably older. At Pterium he found thirteen letters in another language, but also in cuneiform characters. Of these the present writers offered a translation (in 1899) on the supposition that the tongue was a dialect akin to that of the ancient Mongol race of Chaldea, usually called Akkadians or Sumerians;² and M. Chantre is himself of opinion that the early Cappadocians were of this stock.

The remarkable shrine of *Iasili-kaia*, near Pterium, has been already noticed. It constitutes one of the most curious, and—judging from the archaic character of its bas-reliefs—perhaps one of the oldest monuments in Asia. A rude oblong area is hewn in the rocks, forming a hypethral, or roofless, temple. The side and end walls of rock are sculptured with figures in relief. Two long processions meet each other on the end wall, where a god and a goddess (each about six feet high) face one another; they are followed by a succession of male figures on the left hand and female figures on the right hand walls. Those to the left repre-

² See "*The Times*," 10th and 24th October, 1899.

sent two chief gods, followed by winged genii, by kings bearing the mace, which commonly appears as a sceptre in Hittite and Babylonian sculptures, and by priests and attendants, the human figures being only about three feet high. Behind the goddess, who stands erect on a lion (like the Assyrian deities at Bavian and Samala in a later age), while the chief god is supported on the shoulders of two men, are carved the figures of a smaller god—also erect on a lion—bearing the double-headed axe, and of a pair of females supported on the wings of a double-headed eagle. Behind these again seventeen females follow each other, representing queens or priestesses with their attendants. Altogether there are forty-three male and twenty-one female characters, the former for the most part in short jerkins with a high conical cap on the head, all being beardless except the leading deity: the latter wear long pleated robes, and cylindrical bonnets. There are other designs near the side entrance to the shrine, including a kind of hermaic figure (the body made up of four lions and the head human), with a long-robed figure holding the model of a temple, and another group in which a deity protects a smaller personage, placing his arm round the neck of the latter. The entrance itself is guarded by two lion-headed demons, and on the opposite wall the male procession is divided in two by a group of two demons supporting a large crescent. These extraordinary sculptures, which resemble the most archaic work found in Babylonia, are accompanied by a few Hittite emblems. In Cappadocia the goddess Ma (representing the earth mother) is often shown later standing erect on a lion, and the two chief deities probably represent the "spirit of heaven" and the "spirit of earth," who were also the two chief gods adored by the Akkadians. There are many

other bas-reliefs of the same character, but with fewer figures, to be found throughout Asia Minor, and they are generally accompanied by short texts in the Hittite characters. The double-headed eagle occurs again, carved on the side of a sphinx, at Eyuk, not far from Pterium, and also in an Akkadian temple at Zirgul in Chaldea. It was adopted about 1000 A.D. by the Seljuk Turks in Armenia, and thence came to be known in Europe as a royal emblem, still found in the arms of Austria and Russia, and used by the Counts of Flanders in the thirteenth century. The Parthian kings of our second century also adopted it—probably from the same source.

As in Chaldea, so among the Hittites of Syria and their congeners in Asia Minor, the male figures—except the principal god—are beardless, and the conical cap (found also in Etruria) usually distinguishes them. It resembles that which was worn by the Asiatic Turks down to the eighteenth century. Most of these male figures are also remarkable for their long pig-tails—like those of the Tartars,—which distinguish them from both Aryan and Semitic sculptured figures. Like the linguistic indications found in proper names and other known words, these peculiarities point to the Mongol character of the race. It is generally admitted that they were not of Semitic stock, nor is there anything which points to Aryan origin. The simplest explanation appears to be that the Hittites, Katti, and others of this race, were of the same Mongol stock found in the earliest ages in Mesopotamia. This view has also been confirmed by the German discovery of a fine Hittite bas-relief at Babylon itself.³ We have later Aryan remains in Asia Minor, including the Phrygian and Lycian texts, the Persian cuneiform tablets, and

³ "Die Hettitische Inschrift," by Dr. R. Koldewey: 1900.

early Greek inscriptions, but none of these resemble the Hittite monuments, nor can they claim so remote an antiquity. There has been much speculation as to the origin of the Hittite race, and as to the reading of the Hittite texts. It is clear that the latter will never be understood unless the language in which they are written is first determined, and the question will no doubt remain controversial until some bilingual or other decisive comparison is discovered. But it is evidently more likely that the civilization of an outlying region like Asia Minor was derived from the great centre of Asiatic civilization in Babylonia, than that it was independent. There is nothing to show that it was of European origin, and much to connect it with Chaldea.

The interest of the subject lies, not so much in the original problem as in the widespread influence of this Syrian race over the Greeks and the Phœnicians. The early art of Mycenæ and of Troy is very clearly of Asiatic origin. Tradition relates that the walls of Mycenæ were built by a "round-faced" people from Lycia, and the masonry unearthed by Schliemann is very similar to that which is found in the Cappadocian ruins, and elsewhere in Asia Minor. The well known lion gateway of Mycenæ finds a parallel in not less than eight cases, where the same group is found in Anatolian ruins. The signs of the Hittite script are also found both at Mycenæ and at Troy, in the lower strata preceding those where Greek inscriptions occur. The art and script of Cyprus and of Crete are of the same derivation.

But the so-called "Hittite" writing is even more important, because it appears to have been the original script from which the Greek and Phœnician alphabets were developed. It is found in use all over Asia Minor, and also in Palestine and even (on foreign pottery)

in Egypt, as early as about 2000 B.C. It appears probable that, in the end, it will be proved that the very letters which we now use owe their origin, neither to the Egyptians nor to the Babylonians, but to that sturdy race of Mongols who spread from the upper Euphrates to Syria and to the West; and their influence, not only in Greece, but very probably as Etruscans in Italy, renders the study of their history of general interest, as affecting our conception of the origin of both Greek and Roman civilization. There were many other influences—Babylonian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and Persian,—but the oldest, and perhaps the strongest, was that of the civilized inhabitants of Asia Minor. This view steadily gains ground among scholars, and accounts for increased interest in the subject. They await with much expectation the results of the latest discoveries of written records at Pterium; and there can be no doubt that French, German, and British explorers will continue more and more to direct their studies to the innumerable mounds of Syria and Cappadocia, which still hold in them secrets of the highest interest concerning the history of ancient civilization.

A few words may be added as to the discoveries of M. Chantre at other sites, and as to other Hittite monuments. At Eyuk, near Pterium, he photographed the two sphinxes which guard the temple gate, and unearthed a bas-relief on the outer wall, representing a procession bringing sheep and goats as sacrifices to an altar. The priest carries a lituus as at Pterium. At Fraktin, farther south in Cappadocia, he discovered a bas-relief representing the worship of a god whose emblem is an eagle. In both these cases Hittite emblems accompany the sculptures. In addition to early painted pottery, he found many small figures of bronze, and even of gold, like those of Baby-

lonia and Phœnicia, and in one case a mould used for making metal figures of Ashtoreth. Most of the Hittite figures represent the worship of gods, one of the most remarkable (at Ibreez, in Lycaonia) being a horned giant bearing corn and grapes; while another (at Blackwood's Magazine.

Mer'ash, in Syria) gives us the mother goddess and her child, with an eagle and a harp. These monuments were well known to Herodotus, who describes two of them (II. 102, 106) in Ionia, both of which still exist.

THE PROSE STYLE OF MEN OF ACTION.

Style—like beauty and like genius—is one of those mysterious qualities which can be immediately perceived, but which cannot be defined. Pages of analysis and description will fail to convey the notion, which becomes obvious at once from a paragraph by Swift or Sir Thomas Browne. If we examine the paragraph, if we split it up into its component parts—the sense, the sound, the rhythm, the balance, the arrangement—we shall find that the informing spirit of the whole, the style itself, has somehow or other slipped through our fingers and disappeared, like the principle of life in the chemical analysis of protoplasm. Thus there is no receipt for style; one has it or one has it not; and though, if one has it there are aids—such as study and practice—towards the perfecting of it, yet there can be no doubt that its essence is a gift inborn. Some writers—Walter Pater was one of them—seek through a lifetime, with all the laborious refinements of scholarship and taste, to achieve style, and in the end achieve only the imitation of it; while a Bunyan, tinkering in the highways, flows at will with the very perfection of language. Nor is the gift confined to those whose fame rests on their mastery of words. Nothing is more interesting than to watch the magic of style springing out unexpectedly from the utterances of great men of action, bringing an alien sweetness into the hard world of fact, and wonderfully lending

to expressions of business or of duty the glamor of passion and romance. The sentences of these natural stylists, thrown off amid the hazards and labors of administration or of arms, possess often enough a distinctive quality of their own,—a racy flavor of actual life which is rarely caught save by the greatest or least literary man of letters. It would have needed a Shakespeare or a Scott at the height of inspiration to coin such a phrase as Cromwell's memorable injunction, "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry!" The mere writer who must, like a silkworm, spin out his precious material from inside him can hardly hope to rival the man of genius whose imagination has been quickened and whose tongue has been loosened by what Burke calls the "overmastering necessities" of events. Who does not feel, however humble his pretensions, that he might, after all, write splendid prose if he had just won a splendid victory?

Among the Elizabethans, with whom style was, so to speak, in the air, great men of action possessed the magic of expression in overflowing measure. In those days functions were less specialized than now; and it is often difficult to decide whether an Elizabethan was chiefly eminent as a writer or a soldier, as a discover or a poet. What could be more magnificent than Sir Walter Raleigh's prose? His invocation to Death at the close of his "History of the World" is too well known for quo-

tation; but some sentences from his less familiar "Letter to Henry, Prince of Wales" contain, in the same richness, the same nobility of spirit:—

Your father is called the Vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of Heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. . . . Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, there is no other right can flow from God.

Less profound, but even more moving, is Essex's letter from the Tower to Queen Elizabeth, opening with this enthralling sentence:—

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keep him alive, what service can your Majesty expect?

And Elizabeth herself was a mistress of English prose. Her speech to her last Parliament contains passages of exquisite beauty, in which a solemn tenderness of cadence mingles with the simple grandeur of the words:—

There is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I prefer before this jewel, I mean your love. For I do more esteem it than any treasure or riches; for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count inestimable. And though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my Crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me a Queen, as to be Queen over so thankful a people.

In strong contrast with the splendid and stately sentences of the Elizabethans stands the strange, half-incoherent, half-inspired style of Oliver Cromwell. His loose, vague, unformed periods, in which the meaning, so often dissipated and lost in a complexity of unfinished phrases, flashes out sometimes with amazing force, resemble clouds charged with lightning; the reader is alternately illumined and confused. When the stupendous power of the man does burst out to the surface, who can follow the words without a tingling in the blood, who can fail to catch, with the ear of the imagination, the echo of that high terrific voice?—

I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not—I declined it in my former speech—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakedness! That which I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave to have retired to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again, and God be Judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! That I lie not in matter of fact is known to very many: but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as laboring to represent to you that which was not upon my heart, I say, the Lord be Judge. . . . But I could not obtain what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend that some did think, my judgment not suiting with theirs, that it could not well be.

Such hammer-strokes of speech could only have come, we feel, from a man who had gone scatheless through the depths, who had looked on tempests and was never shaken. The same impression is produced by the writing of another great Puritan,—Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's style is full, like Cromwell's, of reminiscences of the Bible; but it has more of the beauty and less of the sternness of the Biblical manner. With an instinct for the use

of words which is truly astonishing, he knew how to combine the charm of decoration with the most direct force. A single sentence—from the conclusion of the Second Inaugural—will amply illustrate these qualities:—

With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Another great master of English prose was Robert Clive. His style is remarkable for its straightforwardness, its vigor, and its passion; the diction is always plain, the construction always simple, and yet a feeling of intensity and excitement vibrates in what he writes. He was an adept in the use of striking and original antitheses, and many of his finest effects are produced by this means. "Without his abilities and indefatigable industry," he said of his private secretary, "I could never have gone through my great and arduous undertaking; and in serving me he served the Company." What a concentration of feeling the last words contain! More familiar is the magnificent passage in his statement to the Chairman of a Committee of the House of Commons:—

Consider the situation in which the victory of Plassey had placed me. A great prince was dependent on my pleasure; an opulent city lay at my mercy; its richest bankers bled against each other for my smiles; I walked through vaults which were thrown

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open to me alone, piled on either hand with gold and jewels! Mr. Chairman, at this moment, I stand astonished at my own moderation.

Clive certainly possessed the quality which, according to Hazlitt, marks the supreme prose-writer,—that of losing "no particle of the exact, characteristic, extreme, impression of the thing he writes about." And the same may be said of the greatest of Clive's successors—Warren Hastings, whose vast elaborate sentences, with their Latin words and balanced structure, produce, at their best, a sense of the mystery and grandeur of the East. It is interesting to compare the splendid trenchancy of Clive with the swelling and romantic utterance of Hastings, who was able, no less than his predecessor, to infuse the profoundest passion into what he wrote:—

The valor of others acquired, I enlarged and gave shape and consistency to the dominion which you hold there [Bengal]; I preserved it; I sent forth its armies with an effectual, but economical hand, through unknown and hostile regions to the support of your other possessions; to the retrieval of the one [Bombay] from degradation and dishonor; and of the other [Madras] from utter loss and ruin. . . . I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment.

What would not the mere man of letters give to be able to write like that? The glowing diction, the inimitable rhythm, the superb and awful close,—by what magic intuition have these things been brought into existence? by what mysterious and unconscious art?

BENEFICENT BACTERIA.

A notable advance in a discovery of which the world has been given many hints during the last twenty years was announced in London on Monday last in a more or less popular lecture. During the summer Professor Bottomley astonished the botanists by asserting that he had harnessed certain bacteria to a new work. One may say without offence that his expectation was not shared by the majority of men of science in his department. The thing seemed unlikely and the proof was by no means conclusive. It is not conclusive even yet, though many of the details which have led Professor Bottomley to his convictions are still kept in the background, and are to be reserved for the ears of the Royal Society at the next meeting. Nevertheless the slides shown at the popular lecture at the Royal Institution on Monday give a fair presumption that we are on the edge of a discovery that may be of vital practical importance to every one who grows plants for profit. Even if the practical results of these investigations are disappointing, the theme is of intense interest to men of science.

Science moves so fast in these days that we are apt to forget how very new and untried are many facts which seem to be rudimentary. Every child who learns botany is aware that the roots of clovers, beans, and other leguminous plants are dotted with little swellings due to certain bacteria. Many elementary school children could tell you that these nodules are formed by bacteria which have the singular power of fixing the free nitrogen of the air, and conveying it to the plant. It has been known for centuries that plants containing these nodules actually manure the land on which they are grown. Pliny, for example, draws

emphatic attention to the point. But it is only in the last few years that any close attention has been paid to the consistency of these lumps on the clover root. A Russian discovered their nature in the sixties, and the first culture of bacteria was made in 1890. During the last seventeen years bacteriologists all over the world have been investigating the mysteries that surround these "nitrogen fixers," and we understand that an important solution quite unconnected with the experiments of London University will be discussed at the next meeting of the British Association.

The Americans and Germans between them have taken up keenly the culture of these bacteria, and huge quantities have been sold commercially. It seemed to be clear that if you could fill the ground with these agencies that brought fertility to leguminous crops, you could both enrich your ground and increase the weight of the immediate crop of clover or lucerne or beans. The American Government therefore spent large sums in investigation and what we may call manufacture, but the results did not, as farmers say, "come up to sample." Our Board of Agriculture made a trial of these American phials of bacteria and reported badly of them. But the Board of Agriculture kept the phials a good six months before making the attempt, and partly through their dilatoriness it was proved that the bacteria did not maintain their vitality, in the substance provided by the Americans, for more than four months. The reason of this was simple and natural. Their function is to catch and convert the free nitrogen of the air, but when they were multiplied in a substance rich in the food they required they ceased to trouble to take

it from outside and soon lost the capacity.

As a result of this discovery in the degeneration of the bacteria, a poorer and thinner substance was used for the preservation of the bacteria. Professor Bottomley transferred one colony to this fluid in 1904 and finds them, as he says in the scientific idiom natural to him, "still alive and kicking." He sent out his little bottles to a thousand farmers who either watered their seed or their land or both with the fluid, and 80 per cent. reported satisfactory results. All the best results were obtained on the more barren soils. It is practically established that where the soil is poor in nitrogenous substances the inoculation of seed has a startling effect on all leguminous crops, increasing the yield by as much as 25 or even 50 per cent. in some cases and doing permanent service to the land. Soil which it does not pay to farm in ordinary conditions may be, as he claims, revolutionized by bacteria. A subsidiary effect is that the crops mature weeks earlier than crops not so treated. The bacteria are not a panacea, they do not do their work on all soils, and there is absolute need of phosphates and potash in addition.

This is one point that science has reached by the help of independent work in St. Petersburg, Berlin, New York, and London. But the sequel is more startling. The results we have outlined have set all the investigators wondering whether the same benefit may not be extended to other plants than the clovers. It is known that a few species of plants have tuberous growths on the roots; the alder is one of these. Close investigation of alder roots has shown that they are formed in a very different way from the nodules on the clover. Into the details of this difference we need not enter,

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but by a study of it Professor Bottomley claims to have discovered ways of wedding these beneficent bacteria to a number of plants of other species, especially those of closest concern to the farmer and horticulturist. He showed on Monday the first convincing photograph ever taken of this new association. He has grown strawberries, brussels sprouts, barley, wheat, oats, in inoculated and non-inoculated soil, in each case with the result that the inoculated soil produced plants at least 20 per cent. larger and stronger. He thinks that he will be able vastly to increase the yield and hasten the maturity of these and other plants by the aid of this discovery. If he can do what he says, the promise is great. A whole acre can be treated at the cost of about sixpence, and land so barren that it is now bearing little but gorse and heather, may, he thinks, be a potential market-garden.

In these days publication is apt to precede by a long period the certainty of fact. For years we have heard of the wonders performed by Burbank, but we are still without the wonderful fruits that he is said to have fixed. The attitude of science towards Professor Bottomley's discovery is one of suspense. Other investigations are proceeding which do not altogether carry out the expectations of the bacteriologists of London University, but most investigators believe that these many independent inquiries being made in Europe and America should in the next few months drive into the open secrets of the soil and its fertilizing bacteria, that should enhance by a large percentage the prospects of the farmer and the profits of the land. Professor Bottomley's photograph of the precocious tomato is at any rate one symptom of this expected advance all along the line.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church" and a one-volume condensation of J. C. L. de Sismondi's monumental "History of the Italian Republics" have been added to Everyman's Library.

The simultaneous publication of three volumes of the "First Folio Shakespeare" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is a joy indeed to all who have watched with delight the lengthening row of these exquisite books and have mourned that they appeared at so great intervals. The new volumes are "The Tragedie of Othello," "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest." Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who were joint editors of the Camberwell Browning, collaborate also in the editing of these plays,—Miss Porter furnishing the Introductions in each case, and Miss Clarke sharing with her the labor expended upon the notes and glossaries, the lists of various readings and the selections of criticism. This edition, it will be remembered, reproduces exactly, with the original spelling and punctuation, the text of the First Folio. Mechanically, the books represent the best work of the De Vinne Press.

Some regard scenery as an excuse for using a motor-car; some look upon a motor-car as a means of viewing scenery. Mr. Thomas D. Murphy's "British Highways and Byways from a Motor-Car," seems to indicate that his pleasure in the vehicle and the landscape are almost equal. He detests the British railway carriage and therefore he loves its antithesis, the motor-car; he is not fond of the simple wilderness of a moor, and enjoys the crowding legend, tradition, and history hedging about so much of English earth, and the car gives him the opportunity of coming in contact with them, and his

blended delight makes him a dangerous writer to those who would keep their homely wits at home. He describes a five thousand mile tour about Great Britain and furnishes a map to show how it may be performed in fifty days, and his text is relieved by sixteen admirable colored plates after choice pictures, and some thirty duogravures in tint nearly all of extraordinary excellence. The book is put forth with very remarkable modesty and is well adapted to persuade the reader to follow in its author's wheel tracks. L. C. Page & Co.

In his new volume "The Golden Hynde," more than in anything that he has yet published, Alfred Noyes sets one wondering by what magic a poet who so often and so forcibly suggests other poets never seems to imitate, but has on the contrary an individuality that is unmistakable. For of its many charms, the greatest charm of this book is that it is so thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Noyes. This means that even before it is poetry, it is music; for with all his nobility of thought, Mr. Noyes is above all a maker of melody. His verses sing, if ever verses sang. This, and a marvelous power of vivid description, mark the new collection, "Orpheus and Eurydice," one of the most haunting of the poems, epitomizes the work of Mr. Noyes in its ethical seriousness, and in its richness of beauty for beauty's sake. As one reads the long, sweet line, one feels that the poet has borrowed Orpheus' own lute—the lute that gathered "all the golden greenwood notes and all the chimes of the changing sea." For sheer music, nothing that Mr. Noyes has published—not "Haunted in Old Japan," or that glorified fantasy, "The Barrel Organ"—surpasses this poem. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

